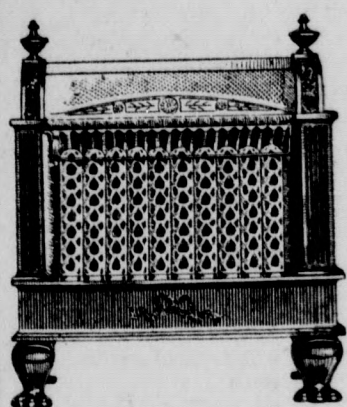


## Time to Change Time Midnight, October 26.



Let us make the long, chilly evenings comfy and cheery by installing one of those unequalled

### Radiantfire Gas Heaters

—or—  
set up your old air tight, or a new one.

Did you ever consider burning gas in your furnace? Let us figure with you on this.

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF

**Sierra Madre  
Hardware Co.**  
31-35 West Central

CITY PRICES  
OR LOWER

## OPPOSES BOND ISSUE

A Protest Against a Bond Issue by  
a Property Owner Who Does  
Want to Progress.

Sierra Madre, Cal., Oct., 20, '19.  
Editor News.

I note that you ask for communications on the bond issue question and I wish to state at the outset that this is to be considered as personal letter and not necessarily for publication.

When you assumed charge of the News, some months ago, you apparently had an idea that you were going to turn the town upside down and live things up generally. Many of us old residents have watched your antics with some amusement as of course you have accomplished nothing and your howls for changing the conditions of things were usually harmless, but when you began to urge a bond issue some weeks ago, attempting to rouse sentiment that might result in saddling an additional tax burden on the people who own their property and make their home here, it is time to protest.

You cannot seem to get the viewpoint of a majority of the good, solid citizens of Sierra Madre; that we came here to enjoy a quiet, restful home, no little part of which were the attractions of the rural characteristics. Had we wished for the excitement of metropolitan life we might have selected a large city as our residence, but the very opposite was our desire.

Sierra Madre met these requirements and it is the desire of the most of us that it continue to do so.

The cost of living here is less than in the city, but how long will this continue to be true if you encourage a bond issue, which at this time is not necessary, and raise the tax rate to the highest of any in this part of the state?

Fortunately we have good sensible men holding the reins of city government, who know how to treat your blatting with the silent contempt it deserves and I do not believe they can be influenced to assist in doing such an injury to Sierra Madre.

On second thought, you are welcome to publish this letter, for I know it expresses the sentiment of many, if you omit my name.

presses the sentiment of many, if you omit my name.

(We publish the above remarkable letter without comment. The signed original is on file at this office and will be preserved as an example of to what extremes a selfish mind may influence an otherwise good citizen. Editor.)

## A COMING THEATRICAL EVENT

Among the features to be presented at the Episcopal Church bazaar to be held at the Woman's Club House on the evenings of November 20th and 21st, will be a comedy by Helen Bagge entitled "Untangling Tony."

The cast, which has been rehearsing under the direction of Miss Helen Williams, is composed of several members who have made themselves popular in previous amateur theatricals by their ability in characterizing different personalities. Among these are Mrs. Walter Wright Alley, who did credit to the character of the slave in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Miss Edith Blumer, who has appeared many times in the past and achieved much local fame by her clever acting; Miss Yerde M. D. Appleby, one of the younger set who has distinguished herself, and E. P. Rhodes, who made his first appearance here as the jovial gambler in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Miss Martha Shaw, daughter of Dean Shaw, will make her initial appearance as a member of the cast and is reported possessing remarkable ability, which with her sweet personality will undoubtedly win recognition. Mrs. C. Allen is a newcomer in Sierra Madre, but will be a credit to the cast. Frank Wright and C. Hall Perry need no introduction, as both possess remarkable versatile ability and would do credit to most vaudeville or comedy skits.

The instructor, Helen Williams, last but not least, is known to all lovers of drama and comedy and proclaimed her ability years ago as the Swedish maid in "What Happened to Jones." The announcement of the characterizations by the cast and a synopsis of the play will be published in next week's issue of the News.

A lot of new wantads this week and you might find just what you wanted. Look them over.

## TIME TO SEND Christmas Greetings ABROAD

A long time to Christmas, did you say? Yes, but it's not too soon to prepare Holiday Greetings to go over seas.

For the special benefit of the many Sierra Madre people who send cards and gifts to remote parts of the earth we will place our Holiday Lines on display unusually early this year.

### THE BEST EVER.

When you see our line you will agree that it is the "Giftiest" ever shown in Sierra Madre.

Greeting Cards, all styles and prices, from the well known Volland, Carpenter, and A. M. Davis "Boston" Lines.

Gifts from the Pohlson Shops at Pawtucket—and lots of other things will help make your Christmas Gift problem simple.

**Woodson F. Jones**

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

## CONCERT MONDAY EVENING

A Splendid Professional Program Arranged by the Woman's Club.

You will want to help this worthy and patriotic cause anyway, but you are also assured a real musical treat in the concert, for you will listen to a two dollar performance for fifty cents. This is made possible because the artists on the program have donated their services, or in one or two cases asked only a nominal sum for expenses, so that the committee decided to make the admission very low in the expectation that a crowded house would result—a splendid testimonial to "our boys."

### PROGRAM.

Piano Solo,	Selected
Miss Eunice Landrum.	
Soprano Solo, Aria from Madama	
Butterfly,	Puccini
Miss Erlene Des Chaines	
Accompanist, Miss Olga Orth	
Saxophone Solo, Liebesfreund, Kreisler	
F. C. Greissinger	
Accompanist, Miss Edith Evans	
Reading	Selected
Miss Helen Williams	
Soprano — Group	
1 Rose Softly Blooming,	Spohr
2 Come Down Laughing	
Streamlet	Sproff
3 The Years at the Spring,	Beach
Miss Erlene Des Chaines	
Saxophone Solo, Waltz Brilliant	Brown
F. C. Greissinger	
Piano Solo	Selected
Miss Eunice Landrum	

Tickets are on sale at Woodson Jones Stationery and Music Store, Hartman & Son's Drug Store and Pettitt's News Stand. Price 50c.

## DANGEROUS COASTING

Last Saturday morning a Mexican youngster whose name could not be ascertained, while coasting down Sunnyside Ave., bumped into the automobile of Earl Topping as he reached the intersection of Central and Sunnyside.

Mr. Topping's machine was headed toward the center of town, when this flying streak of humanity plunged into his car. He immediately stopped, and picking the youngster up, bundled him into his machine and speeded for Dr. Groth's hospital. Here it was found that the lad had a badly bumped head, but no bones were broken. The boy was somewhat frightened, but after a rest in the physician's office was able to walk home with a jabbering crowd of relatives, not one of whom could speak a word of English.

Several other near-by accidents of a similar character have occurred in the past on our public streets to these fearless youngsters, which should be a warning to parents and guardians.

## SCHOOL CHILDREN

### SADLY DISAPPOINTED

An unfortunate blunder in the itinerary of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, caused much disappointment among the school children and their escorts last Friday, when, after marching and assembling on the county road in anticipation of honoring royalty, they found themselves denied this unexpected pleasure.

The event was not without its compensation, however, for many expressions of gratification were voiced by those who had an opportunity to view our manly, healthy and orderly

groups of school children and their teachers as they filed along the road with youthful exuberance. Even after a wait of several hours to meet with keen disappointment, few voiced a complaint or displayed much peevishness, but scampered back to other duties and practically brushed it aside as a closed incident in their lives. The true American and democratic spirit, a sober lesson for older folks who groaned and fretted over a lamentable and regretted occurrence.

A swiftly moving train on the Santa Fe, with the curtains covering every car window was all this patient assemblage saw as the Belgian king and his retinues' "Special" sped by the Santa Anita depot in a deafening roar and cloud of dust.

## LOCAL TALENT

The Community Players of Pasadena, have come to Sierra Madre for some of their talent. Mrs. Milton Steinberger has been chosen to play the part of "Julia" in their coming production of the "Rivals" that exquisite old English comedy by Sheridan, playing for one week beginning October 27th.

Mrs. Steinberger as Virginia Timberlake has appeared at His Majesty's and the Court Theatres in London, being a graduate of Sir Herbert Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art at which time she carried off three of the five prizes awarded. One being the Goodes' prize for elocution, one Sir Squire Bancroft's prize for class merit and the much coveted prize of DuMaures for creative work, awarded by the great J. M. Barrie himself. Mrs. Steinberger gave up her profession to enter into the war work in 1914.

## HONORS BRIDE ELECT

Last Saturday afternoon at the home of Miss Grace Pyles in Pasadena, Miss Nina Kellogg, a charming bride-to-be, was honored with a luncheon and miscellaneous shower.

The Hallowe'en colors, orange and black, were effectively used in decorating and the center piece for the table was a basket filled with gifts attached to ribbon streamers leading to the place of the honored guest. Guests who attended from Sierra Madre were Misses Yerde M. D. Appleby, Alice Kellogg, Bae Farman, Mrs. Stella Dennison, Anna Kehlet, and Mrs. George Kehlet.

Miss Kellogg and Mr. George Norris are to be married at eight o'clock Saturday evening, November first, at the Congregational Church. Invitations have not been issued for this event. It is announced that all friends will be cordially welcomed to attend the ceremony.

## SANDER BEAT 'EM TO IT

San Gabriel Sun:

San Gabriel boulevard at Broadway is to have a modern drug store, a deal having been closed on Tuesday for the confectionery establishment and fixtures in the Fisher building. Two different parties were after the place, the Sander drug store of Sierra Madre landing the plum.

We are informed that Mr. Sander is an active young man and will bring to the boulevard a first class drug store with modern fixtures, including a fine fountain. He will handle confections in connection with the drug business.

Coming of the Sander drug store is said to be only the beginning of what promises to be establishment of a number of other business enterprises in that section.

## Plaid Blankets

Good big size Plaid Blankets 66x80 inches, in Pink, Grey, Blue, and Tan. Extra soft ..... \$4.75

## Men's Outing Gowns

Made of good heavy quality Outing, full size, in assortment of stripes ..... \$2.75

## Men's Caps

New line just in. Plain and mixed patterns, new English cut ..... \$2.00 and \$2.50

PHONE BLACK 85

**J. F. SADLER & CO.**

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

## AVIATION FIELD HERE

Sure to Come as We Have the Only  
Available, Clear, Level Ground  
Near Los Angeles

Some time ago Walter Alley was appointed by the Board of Trade chairman of a committee to endeavor to land an aviation field, for Los Angeles or Pasadena, on the Hastings ranch just west of town, and because influences at Pasadena prevented the success of the plan, temporarily, the opinion prevailed that the matter had been dropped, but Mr. Alley has been quietly at work and is confident that this location must be used in the near future, as it is the largest, best and nearest to Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Pasadena is now using a thirty-acre tract at Altadena at a cost of \$30 an acre, lease, but it is entirely too small. Los Angeles has no place nearer than Sierra Madre for its landing fields, and the airplane business is growing so fast that figures that are alive today are dead tomorrow.

A portion of the Hastings ranch, one hundred acres, can be leased now for five years for \$15 an acre, and an airplane company is ready to sublease fifty acres of it at \$15 an acre for the first year, \$20 for the second and \$25 for the next three.

Water would be necessary and it is a part of a plan suggested by Mr. Alley to dig an 18-inch well, equip it with a good pump and besides supplying water for the field, a trifle, sell the surplus to Sierra Madre, Monrovia, Altadena or Lamanda Park. Mr. Hastings will pay for the well, allowing the cost to apply on the lease, after the first year.

As a money-making proposition, it looks good and a movement is now on foot to organize a local company to lease the land, develop water and sublease or sell landing privileges to aviation companies, the cities of Los Angeles and Pasadena and the government, at a profit.

## NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

A new telephone directory will be issued the first of November and parties desiring advertising space should notify the News office at once.



Prof. F. C. Greissinger.

Prof. F. C. Greissinger, who is on the concert program at the Woman's Club House Monday night, was formerly a member of John Phillip Sousa's famous band and later a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra. He is at present a member and saxophone soloist of the Long Beach Municipal Band.

Prof. Greissinger is a resident of this place, 136 Carter Ave., and has been tireless in his efforts to assist in making the coming concert a big success.

## ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE AT AZUSA

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of San Gabriel Valley will meet at Azusa, Tuesday evening, November 4.

The principal speaker will be R. E. Nimmo, president of the Los Angeles Advertising Club, and it will be well worth the effort of the most distant member to attend.

## Grass Rugs . . .

We have an unusually large assortment of Grass Rugs from which to choose. Now is the time to fix up your floors for winter. Come in and look them over. Los Angeles prices beat. Make us prove it.

SPECIAL PRICES as long as they last  
8x10 Stencil boulder Grass \$9.50  
Rug, Regular price \$12

SEE US ABOUT GAS HEATERS  
THAT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

**Bergien Bros.**

FURNITURE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Phone Main 136

87 West Central

## PHONE, BLACK 8 FOR Royal-Yosemite Laundry

Because the Phone at Sander's Drug Store is no longer available, we have arranged with the A. N. Adams Realty Co. for the use of their Phone, Black 8 and our patrons are thus notified of the change.

We wish to thank our friends in Sierra Madre for their patronage and invite others to join the ranks of our satisfied customers. Phone Black 8 and the driver will call.

ROYAL-YOSEMITE LAUNDRY CO.  
Pasadena, Cal.



# The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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## CHAPTER XVII.

George choked. For an instant he was on the point of breaking down, but he commanded himself, bravely dismissing the self-pity roused by her compassion. "How can I help but be?" he said.

"No, no." She soothed him. "You mustn't. You mustn't be troubled, no matter what happens."

"That's easy enough to say!" he protested; and he moved as if to rise. "Just let's stay like this a little while, dear. Stay a minute or two. I want to tell you: Brother George has been here, and he told me everything about—about how unhappy you'd been—and how you went so gallantly to that old woman." Isabel gave a sad little laugh. "What a terrible old woman she is! What a really terrible thing a vulgar old woman can be!"

"Mother, I—"

And again he moved to rise. "Must you? It seemed to me such a comfortable way to talk. Well—" She yielded; he rose, helped her to her feet, and pressed the light into being. As the room took life from the sudden lines of fire within the bulbs Isabel made a deprecatory gesture, and, with a faint laugh of apologetic protest, turned quickly away from George. What she meant was: "You mustn't see my face until I've made it nicer for you." Then she turned again to him her eyes downcast but no sign of tears in them, and she contrived to show him that there was the semblance of a smile upon her lips. She still wore her hat, and in her unsteady fingers she held a white envelope, somewhat crumpled.

"Now, mother—"

"Wait, dearest," she said; and though he stood stone cold, she lifted her arms, put them round him again, and pressed her cheek lightly to his. "Oh, you do look so troubled, poor dear! One thing you couldn't doubt, beloved boy. You know I could never care for anything in the world as I care for you—never, never!"

"Now, mother—"

She released him and stepped back. "Just a moment more, dearest. I want you to read this first. We can get at things better." She pressed into his hand the envelope she had brought with her, and as he opened it and began to read the long inclosure she walked slowly to the other end of the room; then stood there, with her back to him, and her head drooping a little, until he had finished.

The sheets of paper were covered with Eugene's handwriting.

"George Amberson will bring you this, dear Isabel. He is waiting while I write. He and I have talked things over, and before he gives this to you he will tell you what has happened. I ought to have known it was coming, because I have understood for quite a long time that young George was getting to dislike me more and more. Somehow, I've never been able to get his friendship; he's always had a latent distrust of me—or something like distrust—and perhaps that's made me sometimes a little awkward and diffident with him. I think it may be he felt from the first that I cared a great deal about you, and he naturally resented it. I think perhaps he felt this even during all the time when I was so careful—at least I thought I was—not to show, even to you, how immensely I did care. It's perfectly comprehensible to me, also, that at his age



Eugene's Handwriting.

one gets excited about gossip. Dear Isabel, what I'm trying to get at, in my confused way, is that you and I don't care about this nonsensical gossip, ourselves, at all. Yesterday I thought the time had come when I could ask you to marry me, and you were dear enough to me to tell me 'sometime it might come to that.' Well, you and I, left to ourselves, and knowing what we have been and what we are, we'd pay as much attention to 'talk' as we

would to any other kind of old cats' mewing! We'd not be very apt to let such things keep us from the plenty of life we have left to us for making up to ourselves from old unhappiness and mistakes. But now we're faced with—not the slander and not our own fear of it, because we haven't any, but someone else's fear of it—your son's. And, oh, dearest woman in the world, I know what your son is to you, and it frightens me! Let me explain a little: I don't think he'll change—at twenty-one or twenty-two so many things appear solid and permanent and terrible which forty sees are nothing but disappearing miasma. Forty can't tell twenty about this; that's the pity of it! Twenty can find out only by getting to be forty. And so we come to this, dear: Will you live your own life your way, or George's way? I'm going a little further, because it would be fatal not to be wholly frank now. George will act toward you only as your long worship of him, your sacrifices—all the unseen little ones every day since he was born—will make him act. Dear, it breaks my heart for you, but what you have to oppose now is the history of your own selfless and perfect motherhood. I remember saying once that what you worshiped in your son was the angel you saw in him—and I still believe that is true of every mother. But in a mother's worship she may not see that the will in her son should not always be offered in—

—incentive along with the angel. I grow sick with fear for you—for both you and me—when I think how the will against us two has grown strong through the love you have given the angel—and how long your own sweet will has served that other. Are you strong enough, Isabel? Can you make the fight? I promise you that if you will take heart for it, you will find so quickly that it has all amounted to nothing. You shall have happiness, and, in a little while, only happiness. You need only to write me a line—I can't come to your house—and tell me where you will meet me. We will come back in a month, and the angel in your son will bring him to you: I promise it. What is good in him will grow so fine, once you have beaten the turbulent will—but it must be beaten!

"Your brother, that good friend, is waiting with such patience; I should not keep him longer—and I am saying too much for wisdom. I fear. But, oh, my dear, won't you be strong—such a little short strength it would need! Don't strike my life down twice, dear—this time I've not deserved it."

"EUGENE."

Concluding this missive, George tossed it abruptly from him so one sheet fell upon his bed and the others upon the floor; and at the faint noise of their falling Isabel came, and, kneeling, began to gather them up.

"Did you read it, dear?"

George's face was pale no longer, but pink with fury. "Yes, I did."

"All of it?" she asked gently, as she rose.

"Certainly!"

She did not look at him, but kept her eyes downcast upon the letter in her hands, tremulously rearranging the sheets in order as she spoke—and though she smiled, her smile was as tremulous as her hands. Nervousness and an irresistible timidity possessed her. "I—I wanted to say, George," she faltered. "I felt that if—if some day it should happen—I mean, if you came to feel differently about it, and Eugene and I—that is if we found that it seemed the most sensible thing to do—I was afraid you might think it would be a little queer about—Lucy. I mean if—if she were your step-sister. Of course, she'd not be even legally related to you, and if you—if you cared for her—"

Thus far she got stammering with what she wanted to say, while George watched her with a gaze that grew harder and hotter; but here he cut her off. "I have already given up all idea of Lucy," he said. "Naturally, I couldn't have treated her father as I deliberately did treat him—I could hardly have done that and expected his daughter ever to speak to me again."

Isabel gave a quick cry of compassion, but he allowed her no opportunity to speak. "You needn't think I'm making any particular sacrifice," he said sharply, "though I would, quickly enough, if I thought it necessary in a matter of honor like this. I was interested in her, and I could even say I did care for her; but she proved pretty satisfactorily that she cared little enough about me! The truth is, we're not congenial and we'd found that much out, at least, before she left. We should never have been happy; she was 'superior' all the time, and critical of me—not very pleasant, that! I don't think she has the very deepest nature in the world, and—"

But Isabel put her hand timidly on his arm. "George, dear, this is only a quarrel; all young people have them before they get adjusted, and you mustn't let—"

"If you please!" he said emphatically, moving back from her. "This isn't that kind. It's all over, and I don't care to speak of it again. It's settled. Don't you understand?"

"But, dear—"

"No, I want to talk to you about this letter of her father's."

"Yes, dear, that's why—"

"It's simply the most offensive piece of writing that I've ever held in my hands!"

She stepped back from him, startled.

"But, dear, I thought—"

"I can't understand your even showing me such a thing!" he cried. "How did you happen to bring it to me?"

"Your uncle thought I'd better. He thought it was the simplest thing to



"I Am Doing What My Father Would Do if He Were Alive."

do, and he said that he'd suggested it to Eugene, and Eugene had agreed. They thought—"

"Yes!" George said bitterly. "I should like to hear what they thought!"

"They thought it would be the most straightforward thing."

George drew a long breath. "Well, what do you think, mother?"

"I thought it would be the simplest and most straightforward thing; I thought they were right."

"Very well! We'll agree it was simple and straightforward. Now, what do you think of that letter itself?"

She hesitated, looking away. "I—of course I don't agree with him in the way he speaks of you, dear—except about the angel! I don't agree with some of the things he implies. You've always been unselfish—nobody knows that better than your mother."

"And yet," George broke in, "you see what he implies about me. Don't you think, really, that this was a pretty insulting letter for that man to be asking you to hand your son?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "You see how fair he means to be, and he didn't ask for me to give it to you. It was brother George who—"

"Never mind that, now! You say he tries to be fair and yet do you suppose it ever occurs to him that I'm doing my simple duty? That I'm doing what my father would do if he were alive? That I'm doing what my father would ask me to do if he could speak from his grave out yonder? Do you suppose it ever occurs to that man for one minute that I'm protecting my mother?"

George raised his voice and, advancing upon the helpless lady fiercely, and she could only bend her head before him. "He talks about my 'will'—how it must be beaten down; yes, and he asks my mother to do that little thing to please him! What for? Why does he want me 'beaten' by my mother? Because I'm trying to protect her name! He's got my mother's name bandied up and down the streets of this town till I can't step in those streets without wondering what every soul I meet is thinking of me and of my family, and now he wants you to marry him so that every gossip in town will say 'There! What did I tell you? I guess that proves it's true! You can't get away from it; that's exactly what they'd say, and this man pretends he cares for you, and yet asks you to marry him and give them the right to say it. He says he and you don't care what they say, but I know better! He may not care—probably he's that kind—but you do. There never was an Amberson yet that would let the Amberson name go trailing in the dust like that! It's the proudest name in this town, and it's going to stay the proudest; and I tell you that's the deepest thing in my nature—not that I'd expect Eugene Morgan to understand—the very deepest thing in my nature is to protect that name and to fight for it to the last breath when danger threatens it as it does now—through my mother!"

He turned from her striding up and down and tossing his arms about in a tumult of gesture. "I can't believe it of you that you'd think of such a sacrifice! That's what it would be—sacrifice! When he talks about your unselfishness toward me he's right—you have been unselfish and you have been a perfect mother. But what about him? Is it unselfish of him to want you to throw away

your good name just to please him? That's all he asks of you—and to quit being my mother! Do you think I can believe you really care for him? I don't! You are my mother and you're an Amberson—and I believe you're too proud! You're too proud to care for a man who could write such a letter as that!" He stopped, faced her, and spoke with more self-control: "Well, what are you going to do about it, mother?"

George was right about his mother's being proud. And even when she laughed with a negro gardener, or even those few times in her life when people saw her weep, Isabel had a proud look—something that was independent and graceful and strong. But she did not have it now: She leaned against the wall, beside his dressing table, and seemed beset with humility and with weakness. Her head drooped.

"What answer are you going to make to such a letter?" George demanded, like a judge on the bench.

"I—I don't quite know, dear," she murmured.

"You don't?" he cried. "You—"

"Wait," she begged him. "I'm so—"

"I want to know what you're going to write him. Do you think if you did what he wants you to I could bear to stay another day in this town, mother? Do you think I could ever bear even to see you again if you married him? I'd want to, but you surely know I just—couldn't!"

She made a futile gesture, and seemed to breathe with difficulty. "I—I wasn't—quite sure," she faltered, "about—about it's being wise for us to be married—even before knowing how you feel about it. I wasn't even sure it was quite fair to—Eugene."

I have—I seem to have that family trouble—like father's—that I spoke to you about once."

She managed a deprecatory little dry laugh. "Not that it amounts to much, but I wasn't at all sure that it would be fair to him. Marrying doesn't mean so much, after all—not at my age. It's enough to know that—that people think of you—and to see them. I thought we were all—oh, pretty happy the way things were, and I don't think it would mean giving up a great deal for him or me, either, if we just went on as we have been. I—I see him almost every day, and—"

"Mother!" George's voice was loud and stern. "Do you think you could go on seeing him after this?"

She had been talking helplessly enough before; her tone was little more broken now. "Not—not even—see him?"

"How could you?" George cried.

"Mother, it seems to me that if he ever set foot in this house again—oh! I can't speak of it! Could you see him, knowing what talk it makes every time he turns into this street, and knowing what that means to me! Oh, I don't understand all this—I don't! If you told me, a year ago, that such things were going to happen, I'd have thought you were insane—and now I believe I am!"

Then, after a preliminary gesture of despair, as though he meant harm to the ceiling, he flung himself heavily, face downward, upon the bed. His anguish was none the less real for its vehemence; and the stricken lady came to him instantly and bent over him, once more enfolding him in her arms. She said nothing, but suddenly her tears fell upon his head: she saw them, and seemed to be startled.

"Oh, this won't do!" she said. "I've never let you see me cry before, except when your father died. I mustn't!"

And she ran from the room.

A little while after she had gone, George rose and began solemnly to dress for dinner.

He sat gauntly at the dinner table with Fanny to partake of a meal throughout which neither spoke. Isabel had sent word "not to wait" for her, an injunction it was as well they obeyed, for she did not come at all. But with the renewal of sustenance furnished to his system, some relaxation must have occurred within the high-strung George. Dinner was not quite finished when, without warning, sleep hit him hard. His burning eyes could no longer restrain the lids above them; his head sagged beyond control; and he got his feet, and went lurching upstairs, yawning with exhaustion. From the door of his room, which he closed mechanically, with his eyes shut, he went blindly to his bed, fell upon it suddenly, and slept—with his face full upturned to the light.

It was after midnight when he woke, and the room was dark. He had not dreamed, but he woke with the sense that somebody or something had been with him while he slept—somebody or something infinitely compassionate; somebody or something infinitely protective, that would let him come to no harm and to no grief.

He got up, and pressed the light on. Pinned to the cover of his dressing table was a square envelope, with the words, "For you, dear," written in pencil upon it. But the message inside was in ink, a little smudged here and there.

"I have been out to the mail box, darling, with a letter I've written to Eugene, and he'll have it in the morning. It would be unfair not to let him know at once, and my decision could not change if I waited. It would always be the same. I think it is a little better for me to write to you, like this, instead of waiting till you wake up and then telling you, because I'm foolish and might cry again, and I took a vow once, long ago, that you should never see me cry. I think what makes me most ready to cry now is the thought of the terrible suffering in your poor face, and the unhappy knowledge that it is I, your

mother, who put it there. It shall never come again! I love you better than anything and everything else on earth. God gave you to me—and oh! how thankful I have been every day of my life for that sacred gift—and nothing can ever come between me and God's gift. And Eugene was right—I know you couldn't change about this. Your suffering shows how deep-seated the feeling is within you. So I've written him just about what I think you would like me to—though I told him I would always be fond of him and always his best friend, and I hoped his dearest friend. He'll understand about not seeing him. He'll understand that, though I didn't say it in so many words. You mustn't trouble about that—he'll understand. Good-night, my darling, my beloved, my beloved! You mustn't be troubled. I think I shouldn't mind anything very much so long as I have you all to 'myself'—as people say—to make up for your long years away from me at college. We'll talk of what's best to do in the morning, shan't we? And for all this pain you'll forgive your loving and devoted mother."

"ISABEL."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Having finished some errands downtown, the next afternoon, George Amberson was walking up National avenue on his homeward way when he saw in the distance, coming toward him, upon the same side of the street, the figure of a young lady—a figure just under the middle height, comely indeed, and to be mistaken for none other in the world—even at two hundred yards. To his sharp discomfiture his heart immediately forced upon him the consciousness of its acceleration; a sudden warmth about his neck made him aware that he had turned red, and then, departing, left him pale. For a panicky moment he thought of facing about in actual flight; he had little doubt that Lucy would meet him with no token of recognition, and all at once this probability struck him as unendurable. And if she did not speak, was it the proper part of chivalry to lift his hat and take the cut bare-headed? Or should the finer gentleman acquiesce in the lady's desire for no further acquaintance, and pass her with stony mien and eyes constrained forward? George was a young man badly flustered.

As they drew nearer George tried to prepare himself to meet her with some remnant of aplomb. He kept his eyes from looking full at her, and as he saw her thus close at hand, and coming nearer, a regret that was dumbfounding took possession of him. For the first time he had the sense of having lost something of overwhelming importance.

Lucy did not keep to the right, but came straight to meet him, smiling, and with her hand offered to him.

"Why—you—"

He stammered, as he took it. "Haven't you—"

What he meant to say was: Haven't you heard?"

"Haven't I what?" she asked; and he saw that Eugene had not told her.

"Nothing!" he gasped. "May I—may I turn and walk with you a little way?"

"Yes, indeed!" she said cordially.

He would not have altered what had been done: he was satisfied with all that—satisfied that it was right, and that his own course was right. But he began to perceive a striking inaccuracy in some remarks he had made to his mother. Now when he had put matters in such shape that even by the relinquishment of his "ideals of life" he could not have Lucy, knew that he never could have her, and knew that when Eugene told her the history of yesterday he could not have a glance or a word even friendly from her—now when he must in good truth "give up all idea of Lucy," he was amazed that he could have used such words as "no particular sacrifice," and believed then when he said them! She had looked never in her life so bewitchingly pretty as she did to-day; and as he walked beside her he was sure that she was the most exquisite thing in the world.

"Lucy," he said huskily, "I want to tell you something. Something that matters."

"I hope it's a lively something, then," she said, and laughed. "Papa's been so glum today he's scarcely spoken to me. Your Uncle George Amberson came to see him an hour ago and they shut themselves up in the library, and your uncle looked as glum as papa. I'll be glad if you'll tell me a funny story, George."

"Well, it may seem one to you," he said bitterly. "Just to begin with: when you went away you didn't let me know; not even a word—not a line—"

Her manner persisted in being in consequent. "Why, no," she said. "I just trotted off for some visits. Don't you remember, George? We'd had a grand quarrel, and didn't speak to each other all the way home from a long, long drive! So, as we couldn't play together like good children, of course it was plain that we oughtn't to play at all."

"Play!" he cried.

"Yes. What I mean is that we'd come to the point where it was time to quit playing—well, what we were playing."

"At being lovers, you mean, don't you?"

"Something like that," she said lightly. "For us two, playing at being lovers was just the same as playing at cross-purposes. I had all the purposes, and that gave you all the cross-purposes; things weren't getting along at all. It was absurd!"

"Well, have it your own way," he said. "It needn't have been absurd."

"No, it couldn't help but be!" she informed him cheerfully. "The way I am and the way you are, it couldn't

ever be anything else. So what was the use?"

"I don't know," he sighed, and his sigh was abysmal. "But what I wanted to tell you was this: when you went away, you didn't let me know and didn't care how or when I heard it, but I'm not like that with you. This time I'm going away. That's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going away tomorrow night—indeed, Lucy, this is our last walk together."

"Evidently!" she said. "If you're going away tomorrow night."

"Lucy—this may be the last time I'll see you—ever in my life."

At that she looked up at him quickly, across her shoulder, but smiled as brightly as before, and with the same cordial inconsequence: "Oh, I can hardly think that!" she said. "And of course I'd be awfully sorry to think it. You're not moving away, are you, to live?"

"I don't know when I'm coming back. Mother and I are starting tomorrow night for a trip around the world."

"At this she did look thoughtful. 'Your mother is going with you?'"

"Good heavens!" he groaned. "Lucy, doesn't it make any difference to you that I am going?"

At this her cordial smile instantly appeared again.

"Yes, of course," she said. "I'm sure I'll miss you ever so much. Are you to be gone long, then?"

He stared at her wanly. "I told you indefinitely," he said. "We've made no plans—at all—for coming back."

"That does sound like a long trip!" she exclaimed admiringly. "Do you plan to be traveling all the time, or will you stay in some one place the greater part of it? I think it would be lovely to—"

He halted; and she stopped with him. They had come to a corner at the edge of the "business section" of the city, and people were everywhere about them, brushing against them, sometimes, in passing.

"I can't stand this," George said, in a low voice. "I'm just about ready to go in this drug store here, and ask the clerk for something to keep me from dying in my tracks! It's quite a shock, you see, Lucy!"

"What is?"

"To find out certainly, at last, how deeply you've cared for me! To see how much difference this makes to you! By Jove, I have mattered to you!"

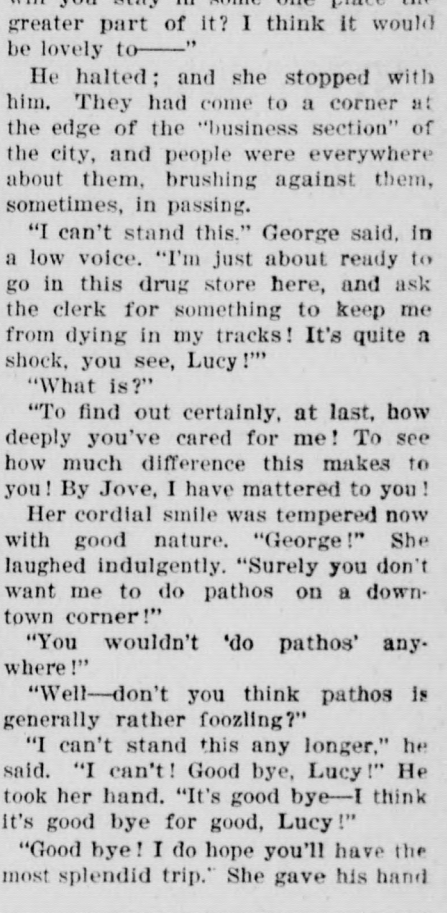
Her cordial smile was tempered now with good nature. "George!" She laughed indulgently. "Surely you don't want me to do pathos on a downtown corner!"

"You wouldn't 'do pathos' anywhere!"

"Well—don't you think pathos is generally rather foolish?"

"I can't stand this any longer," he said. "I can't! Good bye, Lucy!" He took her hand. "It's good bye—I think it's good bye for good, Lucy!"

"Good bye! I do hope you'll have the most splendid trip." She gave him hand



She Had Not Gone On, but Stood Watching Him.

a cordial little grip, then released it lightly. "Give my love to your mother. Good bye!"

He turned heavily away, and a moment later glanced back over his shoulder. She had not gone on, but stood watching him, that same casual, cordial smile on her face to the very last; and now, as he looked back, emphasized her friendly unconcern by waving her small hand to him cheerily, though perhaps with the slightest hint of preoccupation, as if she had begun to think of the errand that brought her down town.

Lucy remained where she was until he was out of sight. Then she went slowly into the drug store which had struck George as a possible source of stimulant for himself.

"Please let me have a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a glass of water," she said, with the utmost composure.

"Yes, ma'am!" said the impressionable clerk, who had been looking at her through the display window as she stood on the corner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

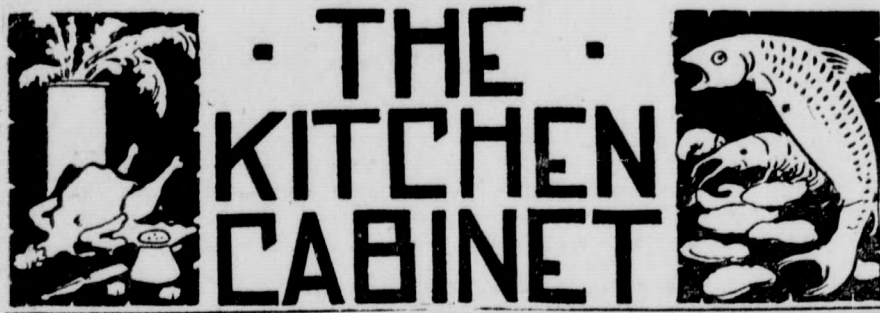
Very Few Are.

"No man I ever saw," said Uncle Eben, "was quite as good his ownself as he thought ev'body else ought to be."



# Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor



## THE KITCHEN CABINET

"Some people are too little to do big things, and too big to do little things, hence they do nothing."

How rare is the painter who can touch his tints with the breath of life. How common the boor who can break the spell with a slash of a vandal knife.

### OUT OF THE CHAFING DISH.

When entertaining a few guests with a chafing dish supper, if hurried for time, much of the food may be prepared beforehand and kept warm in the chafing dish. One of the charms of the chafing dish, however, is seeing the food prepared and cooked at the table.

**Panned Oysters.**—This is a dish which will be safe for the least experienced, as it is so easy to cook and is something well liked by the average person. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer and when hissing hot turn in twenty nice large oysters which have been drained and well dried between towels. As soon as the edges curl, dust with pepper and salt and serve at once on toast.

**Tomato Rabbit.**—Take some thick slices of whole wheat bread, remove the crust and cut into sandwich shape. Spread one slice with salt, paprika, dry mustard and a little Worcestershire with a slice of ripe tomato or tomato pulp. Cover with grated cheese. Put over a second slice of bread and press together. Saute in butter until the bread is brown on both sides.

**Crab Flakes With Red Peppers.**—Chop the whites and mash the yolks of four hard-cooked eggs. Mix with two tablespoonfuls of fine soft bread crumbs and a half a minced red pepper. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter; stir in the eggs. Add slowly a cupful of cream and last a cupful of crab meat. When hot put in half a tablespoonful of salt, a dash of nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Let it cook until smooth and serve in small dishes or on toast.

Peaches in the dumpling, peaches in the pie. Peaches in the market, who can pass them by? Peaches served for breakfast, sliced in yellow cream. Peach frappe at dinner, pleasant as a dream.

### WAYS WITH CABBAGE.

This common vegetable is so often underrated that it is fitting to give it a little attention.

**Stuffed Cabbage.**—Cut out the stalk end of a solid head of cabbage, leaving a good sized cavity. Tie the cabbage in a cheese cloth and cook it in boiling salted water until tender. Make a stuffing of seasoned crumbs and any cold meat which is well seasoned. Fill the drained cabbage with the stuffing, sprinkle with crumbs and grated cheese, dot with bits of butter and bake in a quick oven until brown.

**Cabbage With Cheese Sauce.**—Remove the stalk and cook a small head of cabbage until tender, in boiling salted water. Drain and place on a platter stalk end down, cut in pie shaped pieces without separating them, pour over a rich white sauce into which, while boiling hot, a half cupful or more of finely grated or chopped, rich cheese has been added.

**Hot Slaw.**—Beat the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, add a tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, and a quarter of a cupful of vinegar. Cook this dressing over hot water until thick, then stir in finely shredded cabbage and heat until hot; serve hot.

**Fried Cabbage.**—Chop cold, boiled cabbage and press out all possible moisture. Season with melted butter, pepper and salt and four tablespoonfuls of milk. Add two well beaten eggs and cook in a buttered frying pan until smoking hot, stirring constantly at first, then brown on the bottom and turn out on a platter; garnish with hard cooked eggs.

**Creamed Cabbage.**—Cook shredded cabbage until tender in boiling water, drain, add milk, butter and half a cupful of cracker crumbs. Serve hot.

**Cabbage With Sausage.**—Cook a head of cabbage whole with several pork sausages, or with half a dozen frankfurts; arrange on a platter and garnish with the sausages. Season while cooking with salt and pepper and save any liquor to use with the cabbage and cold potatoes chopped for hash.

"But for life the universe were nothing; and all that has life requires nourishment."

### THE LUSCIOUS PEACH.

The peach is a universal favorite and has been called the "children's fruit" because it seldom disagrees with them. It is most wholesome and its melting sweetness lends itself to any number of dainty dishes, although it is at its best, as are most fruit fresh and served "au naturel."

**Peach Ice Cream.**—Cut up and put through a ricer sufficient ripe peaches to make one and one-half cupfuls of pulp. Add the juice of one lemon and one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar. Add one pint of thin cream and freeze as usual. Pack in a brick mold, turn out and garnish with quartered peaches and sprinkle the cream with chopped pistachio nuts.

**Peach Cobbler.**—Peel and slice enough peaches to fill a deep pie plate, piling high in the center. Sprinkle thickly with sugar mixed with a tablespoonful of flour. Cover with a crust, leaving an opening for the steam to escape. Bake in a moderate oven.

**Brandy Peaches Without Brandy.**—Fill a mason jar with clingstone peaches carefully selected and pared. Fill the spaces with granulated sugar. Screw on the top and bury the jar in the ground three feet deep for six months. When opened the fruit will be covered with a delicious sirup, much better flavored than by any other way of preserving them.

**Sweet Pickled Peaches.**—There is nothing that quite takes the place of the good old-fashioned pickled peaches. Here is a good one: Boil two pounds of brown sugar with one pint of vinegar, an ounce of cinnamon (stick) twenty minutes. Dip half a peck of peaches quickly into boiling water and rub with a coarse towel to remove the skin, or they may be dipped in water and the fuzz rubbed off. Stick each peach with four cloves, drop half the peaches in at a time and cook until soft. Drop into a large mouthed jar and pour over the spiced vinegar.

The surest road to health, say what we will, Is never to suppose we shall be ill; Most of those ills we poor mortals know From idle minds and dreaming frow.

### GOOD THINGS FOR WINTER.

Now is the time to can, preserve and pickle for the season when these fruits and vegetables are not to be found in the market. A well stocked fruit closet is the pride of every thrifty housewife.

**Venison Jelly.**—Take a peck of wild grapes, one quart of vinegar, one-fourth of a cupful each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon. Heat slowly and cook until the grapes are soft. Strain through a cheese cloth, or jelly bag and boil 20 minutes, then add six pounds of sugar and boil five minutes. Turn into glasses and seal as usual for jelly.

**Tomato Mince Meat.**—For those who like this kind of mince meat, this is a reliable recipe. Take a peck of green tomatoes, slice and let stand covered with a layer of salt over one day. Drain, chop and add two dozen tart apples, five pounds of brown sugar, three pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg and one teaspoonful of cloves; add one pint of good vinegar and cook one and one-half hours.

**Canned Red Peppers.**—Wash and cut in strips with scissors. Cover with boiling water, let stand three minutes, drain and plunge into ice water to cover in which there is a large piece of ice. Again drain and pack solidly into jars. To one quart of vinegar, add two cupfuls of sugar, bring to the boiling point and boil 15 minutes. Pour over the peppers to overflow the jars; seal and store in a cool place.

**Spiced Plums.**—Take three pounds of sugar, one cupful of vinegar and one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Boil the sirup ten minutes with the spices, put in a few plums and cook slowly 20 minutes. These will keep unsealed.

Nellie Maxwell

## STYLES SHOW LITTLE CHANGE

Fall Coats and Wraps Very Like Those Worn During the Summer Months.

### DOLMAN SHAPE IS RETAINED

Predictions That It Would Lose Its Popularity Have Been Proved Unfounded—Capes of English Tweed for Those Who Motor.

If one has been denied a fur coat for many years and has secretly cherished a longing thereafter, this is the year, doubtless, when this longing can be gratified, for so expensive are the lovely cloth things that if possession is based on the matter of cost then a decision in favor of the fur can be made, as there will be no very great difference in the price, remarks a fashion writer in the New York Sun. Of course I am referring to the elaborate and dressy models which all women admire and not everyone can possess.

Of course the sumptuous things of ermine, mink, sable and seal are regal and lovely in capelike and dolman effects which swathe the wearer from tip to toe in a luxury indescribable. Just as in the fall dresses there is nothing radically differing from styles of recent months, so in coats and wraps there is no departure from accepted models.

### In Army Style.

A favored style is seen in the fine warm coats of camel's hair following the design of an officer's trench coat belted and close fitted for warmth and comfort. These lovely camel's-hair coats are often mounted with deep fur collars of softest texture, such as brown fox or lynx. The huge patch pockets and deep fur cuffs which were so in evidence a season ago are no longer featured so emphatically, either on this sort of coat or on one of the velvetlike duvetyns or wool velours.

The dolman shape persists in spite of the persistent rumors to the contrary, and many of the most exclusive houses are showing the dolman, not only in the less expensive materials, but in the splendid furs and brocades and velvets as well. Much embroidery in self colors done in heavy silken threads is observed—perhaps for the reason that the great cost of fur will place it beyond the average pocket-book. A curious notion is seen in the use of monkey fur placed fringed like along the bottom of short jackets, and used also to trim fur toques.

### Monkey Fur Not Popular.

The use of monkey fur on an evening wrap of heaviest black satin is not unpleasing, as it has been cleverly done, but monkey fur will not be greatly admired, however smart it may be considered. On the particular wrap which it embellishes the back has been caught up in a sort of overdrapery suggesting the drooping brocade the French makers exploit continuously. The fur is used as a banding underneath this drapery and extends around to the front and down the sides of the coat. The very long hair has all the effect of fringe and is soft and silky. The sleeves in this wrap are really mere slits in the front sides, and they too are edged with the monkey fur and form the collar, which is so made that it buttons up around the ears or falls away in a little cape effect. The lining of this handsome wrap is of white satin pailletted with huge black velvet dots. This fashion of doubling material adds as much to the cost as it does to the beauty of a garment and the fall cloak is apt to

be as radiant inside—perhaps even more so than the outside.

Less pretentious than this silken wrap and very lovely is a handsome straight-hanging coat of tan camel's hair with perfectly unbroken lines down the back except for a tight plain yoke across the shoulders. At the sides a pointed pocket effect is introduced in brown seal, and the high rolling collar which rumples around the throat is also made of the rich brown seal. The sleeves are long and tight and finished at the wrist with a narrow cuff of the brown seal. This is an excellent example of a conservative and beautiful coat suitable for every day-time occasion.

### Velvet Wraps for Evening.

So many women have invested in handsome fur pieces for wear with the one-piece dress that the demand for the untrimmed coat is met by the manufacturers in velvet wraps for evening wear which have no fur whatever about them. These are for the most part made up in rather simple designs with long, loose lines, plain, rather tight sleeves, and resembling elongated jackets. They are very graceful, and with the addition of one's own furs are quite as sumptuous as the average woman need demand.

For motoring some very smart capes of fine English tweed are made with lamb's wool linings, which unbutton and can be quickly removed. These traveling capes are a delight for steamer and motorcar, and are copied from trench coats much used by officers during the war. The tweed is so treated that it is impervious to rain. It is found that the heather mixtures and intermingled colored surfaces are much better for a wrap for general use than the solid colors, and for this reason smart coats in twilled cords and invisible stripes and mixtures are much in demand for bad weather wraps and general service.

Of course many women find it practical to use the coat suit through the winter season, and for this reason have the coat heavily interlined with lamb's wool or flannel. Years ago we often saw the lining of jackets of this sort made of white and gray rabbit skin, also much used for the long and all-enveloping evening capes, but rabbit skin is costly these days, and one rarely finds it so employed except for motor and ocean travel.

It is quite possible to insert an interlining of one of the heavy warm woolen fabrics without adding clumsiness to the coat. No combination is lovelier than one of the soft blue heather mixtures with a soft gray fur. One such coat suit has the plain skirt which is demanded on all the newest models and a rather short jacket in a box coat effect, except that it is not distinctly a box coat, for a belt placed across the back prevents this.

Skirts are only slightly shorter, but distinctly wider, 36 inches, and even more, being the accepted measurement around the bottom. Because the skirt is short the majority of coats will reach only to the hip. A clever model has a panel down the back, broken to hang over the waistline and extending in a position effect slightly longer than the sides of the jacket. The material used is tobacco brown duvetyn, very soft and rich looking, and the fur collar and tabs placed on the back panel are of brown seal.

### Ostrich Trimmings.

One of the newest touches to the evening gown is ostrich trimming, which is used in fringe and in clusters of tips closely curled. At a point in the drapery of the skirt, where the folds are focused at one point, a bunch of these feathers in three shades was used as an unusual decorative touch for one gown.

## WAISTCOATS OF ALL SORTS

Popular Chiefly Because They May Be Made As Expensive and Distinctive As Desired.

Waistcoats have gained an even greater vogue than was predicted for them in the early spring. The reason that they persist in really good style in spite of the fact that they are found in most of the cheap ready-made suits is because they can be made as expensive and distinctive as their wearers wish. Some of the smartest are made in the newest weave of silk jersey, which is very heavy. This is embroidered at the neck and across the lower edge with colored silks or wools in a conventional design. Embroidered silk is sold by the yard for waistcoats. It is embroidered by hand and it costs from \$8 a yard up. It may be had in a narrower width for a slightly smaller suit, but as two strips of the narrower width are needed for the waistcoat the expense is even greater. The

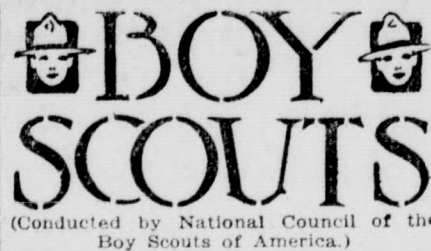
woman who is nimble fingered can reproduce this sort of embroidery herself. It is worked on heavy silk, in an all-over pattern, with colored silk threads and with the occasional introduction of gold or silver threads to point the design.

### Dress Suggestions.

No end of pockets appear on sports clothes. "Caught fringe" appears as trimming on many mantles. The very short sleeve has made the long glove necessary. Soft pongee makes delightful wool embroidered blouses.

### To Wash Pink Goods.

When washing pink cotton goods the color may be made fast by using "red" instead of bluing. Boil a piece of Turkey red in a pint of water. Bottle this and use it like liquid blue, experimenting with a little at a time until the right tint is secured.



### BOY SCOUTS AND MILITARISM

By many the boy scouts are looked upon as soldiers in the making. If by making soldiers is meant training boys for intelligent public service, cultivating character, self-reliance, mutual helpfulness, and the capacity to achieve success in the field of chosen endeavor, then the boy scout movement may properly be regarded as military. If by making soldiers is meant cultivating a spirit of pugnacity and the glorification of war, then the boy scout movement is non-military. These elements are not found in it.

Only gradually does it become clearly evident to the public at large that both professionally and in practice the organization of the Boy Scouts of America is, always has been, and, in so far as one can predict, always will be first of all a peace organization. "Peace scouting for character and citizenship" has always been its platform.

But why is this position not yet wholly free from confusion in the public mind? Many still believe, in spite of what has been publicly said and written and in spite of the most substantial proof to the contrary in the conduct of the leaders and the boys, that the movement trains boys for war.

The term "scouting," while perhaps more frequently employed in connection with military maneuvers and war operations, has peaceful uses. Not improperly, we think of a scout as one disciplined to hard work—watchful, self-reliant, observant, straightforward, unselfish, and pleasant in his dealings with others—in short, a very companionable, alert, and helpful fellow.

### THE BOY SCOUT IS CLEAN.



This Picture Shows a Brave Little Chap on Guard Against Dirty Streets.

### HOW SCOUTS AIDED POLICE.

That boys, when they are scouts, can be of great value to the police force is attested in this letter from Chief of Police O'Shaughnessy of Mobile, Ala., to the scout head there:

"My Dear Sir: I feel much honored for the gallant service you and your boy scouts have rendered me and this department. The highest commendation I should speak would be very humble, for I really cannot put into words what I feel about the organization."

"Had it not been for their assistance I doubt if the crowds and traffic would have been handled so magnificently."

### SCOUTS TEACH RESUSCITATION.

A picked troop of 35 boy scouts from the 38 troops comprising Fort Orange scout council at Albany, N. Y., visited the police precincts and the fire department stations to demonstrate the Schaefer method of resuscitation which has been successfully used by the scouts for nine years.

During that time scouts throughout the country have saved the lives of many persons, and members of each council in America have been asked by the American Red Cross to take the matter up locally with the city authorities.

### WHAT THE SCOUTS DO.

Boy scouts in Louisville, Ky., are working for a cleaner city. These boys were detailed to distribute 50,000 circulars explaining provisions of the ordinance providing for the separation of garbage.

Boy Scouts in Hamilton, Ohio, started out on an inspection tour of the city, visiting yards of the homes in the interest of the clean-up and paint campaign. Pictures of yards in bad condition or full of rubbish will be taken by the scouts.

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### MAMMOTH CAVE LONG FAMOUS

Has Been Acknowledged One of the World's Wonders, Practically Since the Year 1809.

The most famous cavern in America is Mammoth cave, in Kentucky, writes "Niksah" in the Chicago Daily News. Mammoth cave was an old Indian refuge, and the story of redskin adventures is written plain in the skeletons, tomahawks and reed torches that have been found in the cavern depths. Then, in 1809, a white man, a pioneer hunter, followed a wounded bear into the mouth of the great cave, and from that time on Mammoth cave became in American estimation the eighth wonder of the world.

Almost as soon as the white man discovered the cavern he began to make practical use of it. Long before the era of Indian possession bats had inhabited the cavern halls and in the course of time their skeletons had accumulated on the floor, especially near the entrance. These skeletons, containing nitrate, played an important part in the war of 1812, for nitrate, so needed for making explosives, was scarce in the colonies and the Mammoth cave became the main source of supply.

When the country settled down to a period of comfortable prosperity, Mammoth cave became, even more than it is today, a great show place of America. The cave's history is told in the names of the various rooms and galleries. Jenny Lind and other artists visited the cave and sang or played the airs that had made them famous in "Ole Bull's Concert Hall" or other, cavern corridors. In a room since named "Booth's Amphitheater," Edwin Booth was inspired to declaim some of the lines of Hamlet before a small and select audience.

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### FIND UPAS TREE VALUABLE

Natives of Java Procure Ready-Made Clothing From Its Branches, With Little Effort.

One of the strangest myths is that which concerns the "deadly upas tree" of Java, whose poisonous exhalations were formerly alleged to kill any man or animal that ventured into its neighborhood.

Doubtless it had its origin in some traveler's tale, for the tree in question—rather widely distributed in southern and southeastern Asia—has no terrors for the natives of these countries, who, on the contrary, find it extremely useful.

It is the only kind of tree in the world that produces ready-made clothing. The inner bark is a natural cloth, only requiring the removal of the soft cellular stuff in order to render it available for use. A cylindrical section of it from a small branch will furnish a leg for a pair of trousers or an arm for a coat, while from a bigger branch the body of the garment is obtained.

### Mica.

Mica, so named from its being easily divided into glistening scales, consists of silica and alumina, associated with magnesia, soda and lime in varying proportions. Thus we have potash mica, consisting of silica, alumina and potash; and magnesia mica, in which the alumina is partially replaced by magnesia, passing—as the proportion of magnesia increases—into soft talc, which is chiefly composed of silica and magnesia.

### Seek Perfection.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

### Arctic Light.

At noon of December 21, the shortest and darkest day of the year, we could easily detect a faint glow of light in the south. The true darkness of night is a result of the complete disappearance of all traces of twilight, which occurs when the sun reaches a point of 18 degrees below the horizon. Our latitude was 73 degrees 20 minutes, therefore the sun at this time was only about 12 degrees below the horizon.—From "Four Years in the White North," by Donald B. McMillan.



**Red Crown Gasoline**  
And STANDARD OIL Products.  
**SIERRA MADRE GARAGE, Sole Agents.**  
Milton Steinberger, Prop. Phone Main 110

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Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

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Three Grades—1-2-3 Fly in each grade. Ranging in Price from \$2.00 to \$5.50 per Sq.

**THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.**  
W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

**Automobile for Hire!**

**FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND**  
Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty  
Rates \$2.00 per Hour  
Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Day Calls, 25c  
After 9:00 p. m., Minimum 50c  
**H. A. BINFORD**  
N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail Phone Black 122

**Buy Poultry Feed, Grain, Hay,**

POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT  
LOWEST PRICES

**J. W. STRICKLAND**

139 ESPERANZA STREET Tel. Red 143

**NEWS LINERS PAY**

*The power chain*

*The Gasoline of Quality*

"Red Crown" has a continuous, uniform chain of boiling points which gives easy starting, power and mileage. Mixtures have "holes" in the chain. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)



O. R. GOOD, Spl. Agt., Standard Oil Co., Monrovia, California

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**SIERRA MADRE NEWS**

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher  
MRS. W. R. LEES, Local Editor.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
Per inch.....20c  
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Wantads, per line.....05c  
Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance  
Six months.....\$1.00  
Paper Stopped at Expiration.

Telephone - - - - Black 42

**GRAMMAR SCHOOL NOTES**

Editors—Christine Snell and Rose Gerson.

There is very little school news this week because the interest is mainly in preparations for Halloween which we wish to keep secret.

The kindergarten building is being transformed into a real pumpkin field in which will be found brownies, witches, ghosts, owls, black cats, etc., on Halloween. Each grade is now working on a program for their individual parties which will be held at different hours on Friday.

When a reporter goes to Miss Alcott, the first grade teacher, to find out what they are interested in she replies: "A new room," and hopes that in due time she will have enough floor space so that she will be able to stand the first graders in the corner, instead of on the window seat, which she uses for a mezzanine floor. They are also very excited over the fact that after a long delay their readers have arrived. The first grade are making pigs to decorate their wall.

The second grade are planning to have a program once a month to which visitors are welcome.

The fifth grade have just made some very fine salt relief maps of the New England states in connection with their geography. These are now on exhibition in their room.

Monday a flower shower was given for Betty Moore of the sixth grade in honor of her twelfth birthday. During the past week Miss Evans has come to the conclusion that "it never rains but it pours," for the sixth grade has had just one shower after another, including such gifts as flowers, apples and nuts.

The seventh and eighth grades think that if they had been living at the time Webster wrote the dictionary they would surely have been appointed to help him for in civics class at least a half a dozen new ways of spelling "knowledge" were invented the other day.

STORY BEGINS THIS WEEK.

**"New Wine in Old Bottles"**

That is the way one reviewer sums up that delightful story of a quest for millions in gold doubloons left in the West Indies by buccaneers, recorded in the new serial about to appear in this paper.

**Pieces of Eight**

By Richard Le Gallienne

The lure of buried treasure is perennial. Add mysterious caves, pirates, ruins, a sea-swept island, moonlight on the water and the attending dangers, and it sounds like "Treasure Island." If you have ever heard that impelling call of adventure you can't resist this story.

**Keep your eyes open for the first installment!**

Company's office today. is yours. See one at the Gas light the Red Crown sign before you fill. to carry, no better. Simply housewife to clean up, no food signed for installation in your The Radiant heater is de- Company's office today. is yours. See one at the Gas light the Red Crown sign before you fill. to carry, no better. Simply housewife to clean up, no food signed for installation in your The Radiant heater is de-

**AT THE CHURCHES**

**Church of the Ascension**  
The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector  
Sunday Services.  
Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.  
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.  
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.  
Choir practise Friday evening at 7:30.

**Congregational**  
"A Community Church"  
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister  
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.  
9:45 a.m. Sunday School,  
11 a.m. preaching,  
7:30 p.m. preaching,  
7:30 p.m. Wednesday, prayer meeting.

**Bethany**  
Dr. A. W. Rawlings, Pastor.  
Sunday School 9:45 a.m.  
Morning Services 11 a.m.  
Evening Services 7:30 p.m.  
Young Peoples Meeting 6 p.m.  
Midweek Services, Wednesday, 7:30 p.m.  
The Bible class will meet at the home of Mrs. Downs, on Victoria Lane Wednesday afternoon at 2:30.  
The Pastor will meet all inquires at the church, Wednesday evening.  
More seating capacity has been provided at the church. News for our interesting meetings has spread to Azusa and Glendora and we hope many more will come. All are welcome. Bring your bibles and note books.

**Christian Science Society**  
Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House, Sunday at 11 a. m.  
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.  
Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.  
Subject for Sunday morning: "Probation After Death."

**NEW STEAM PRESS.**

Claud Harriman has installed a new steam press in his cleaning and pressing shop to take care of his increasing business.

**DON'T WASTE ANYTHING**  
We Buy everything.

Highest Prices Paid for Second-hand Furniture, Clothing, Stoves, Papers, Magazines, Etc.  
Specila attention to Moving and Hauling Jobs.

**B. LAMPERT,**

Phone Red 30, 82 W. Alegria St.

**NEWS WANTED LINERS**

**FURNITURE WANTED**—Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. tf

**FOR SALE**—A universal six hole stove, nearly new. Inquire at 542 Manzanita Ave. T. P. Cook. 4\*

**FOR SALE**—A \$115 L. C. Smith typewriter, latest No. 8 model, very slightly used. A bargain for \$70. For particulars inquire at the News office.

**GOATS FOR SALE**—Three-year old Toggenburg doe, grade 3-4; five quart milker, for \$175, and her doe kid, four months old, grade 7-8, \$75, both for \$225. Phone Green 118.

**LOT FOR SALE**—Fine building lot, near school, shade, ornamental and fruit trees, 50 ft. x 115. Price \$500. Terms if desired. W. F. News.

**STORES FOR RENT**—Two choice stores for rent in brick building. See A. N. Adams. 3ctf

**RENT YOUR HOME**—If you are thinking of selling your home, see A. N. Adams. 3ctf

**FOR SALE**—Rabbit hutch with 12 compartments, \$4. Also sanitary cot, gas range and gas heater. Inquire at 150 W. Grand View Ave. c

**FOUND**—In front of News office on Friday, a set of upper false teeth. Owner may have same by paying for this ad. 54—

**WANTED**—to do at home a few laundries. Waists and fine pieces a specialty. Apply, 40 N. Auburn. c

**FOR SALE**—A pair of New Zealand rabbits, buck and doe, two years old cheap if taken at once. 312 N. Grove Street. 4-5\*

**FOR RENT**—Five room house, nice sleeping porch at 111 E. Highland, Ave. Phone Blue 121. 4\*

**FOR SALE**—Two Persian kittens 6 months old. Fine pedigree. Phone, Green 77. 4\*

**WANTED**—A competent woman to do general housework and plain cooking for family of two. Inquire mornings at 258 E. Alegria. Mrs. De Balaine.

**M. D. WELSHER**  
**Central Market**

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

**Specials for Saturday Only.**

New dried fruits just received consisting of Prunes, Peaches, Apricots and Apples.

New Walnuts, 5 lbs .....\$1.75  
New Cranberries, per lb .....20  
Cane and Corn Syrup, per quart (bring your jar).....35  
Franco-American Soups, per can .....10  
Ever Ready Shaker Salt, per pkg .....10

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Fresh Every Morning.

**FRESH FISH FRIDAYS.**

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

**M. D. WELSHER**

Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

**Olsen's Shoe Shop**

**RUBBERS:** For Men, Women and Children. Men's Rubber Boots and Rain Hats. Protect Yourselves against the "Flu." and Grippe.

**YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED**

34 BALDWIN AVE. HENRY OLSEN

**Automobile Tops**

Let us put one of our famous quality tops on your automobile, before the rainy season. Our prices are the lowest and we insist on perfect satisfaction with every customer.

Following are a few of our Sierra Madre patrons, to whom we refer:  
W. E. Farman, Chris Shuttleworth, C. W. Jones, Rec Stanbury.  
Drop us a line or phoneat our expense.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

**Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co., Inc.**

34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA  
Near City Hall

**FOR GOOD WORK**

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

**J. D. TUCKER,** Painting Contractor  
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888  
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

**Prevent Early Fall Influenza**

At the first sneeze or chilly feeling, take a dose of Hartman's Laxative Tablets. Delays are dangerous. For safety keep a box handy

The Sierra Madre Pharmacy

**F. H. HARTMAN & SON**  
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. Baldwin Ave. Phone Black 25

**Box and Bulk Candies**

FRESH EACH WEEK.

SOFT DRINKS MAGAZINES CIGARS  
ICE CREAM DAILY PAPERS TOBACCO  
DROP IN

First Door East P. O. **Pettitt's News Stand**  
Phone Green 85

**New Service Cars**

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

**POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL**

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month. Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

**Sierra Madre Garage**

Milton Steinberger, Prop.  
PHONE MAIN 110 37-45 W. Central Ave.



## Elkhorn Cheese

Scientific ripening, skillful blending and complete sterilization make every tin of Elkhorn Cheese exactly like every other tin of the same variety—make it easily digested—make "Elkhorn" like you. No rind, no waste, a cheese for every taste. Eight varieties: Kraft, Chili, Swiss, Pimento, Rarebit, Camembert, Roqueford, Limburger.

### Specials for Saturday Only

Nucoa Nut Margarine, lb	.35
Unpolished Head Rice, lb	.15
Pink Beans, lb	.10
Shoulder of Lamb, lb	.28
Swift's Premium Ham, whole or half, lb	.42

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING.  
OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

## Sierra Madre Department Store

Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

## Used Automobiles

If you are figuring on buying a used car you cannot afford to miss looking over our stock. Every car carries our reputation and we guarantee each one to be exactly as represented.

### Spot Cash for Used Cars

We will pay spot cash for your used car. No quibbling or stalling. Drive your car in and walk out with the cash. See us before you buy or sell. You can do better here—either way.

**Robert J. McNabb,**

2526 E. Colorado St.

Lamanda Park, Cal.

## Chicken Feed.

Get your COULSON EGG MASH and BUTTERMILK MASH from us. There is nothing better. TRY IT.

## Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

PHONE MAIN 50

A. OLSEN, Prop.

97 E. Montecito.

## PURE MILK

Phone us for pure sanitary Milk, Cream and Buttermilk. Early delivery—always there in time for breakfast.

### BEMAY DAIRY

Phone, Green 85.

ROBT W. GRADY, Prop.

## Turning back the clock

On October 26, the people of America will turn back the hands of their timepieces in every home. This day officially ends the Daylight Saving Plan, now in use throughout Europe and adopted by our government two years ago.

In making this change from the Daylight Saving Plan to "Sun Time," by a single official act, we usher in the winter season. With Winter come longer nights and the need of proper heating facilities.

## Burn natural gas

Wise housewives have already made plans for heating their homes with the most economical fuel, Natural Gas. At a low cost, it gives forth a warmth not equalled by any other fuel.

**SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS COMPANY**

KERSTING BLOCK, SIERRA MADRE, CALIFORNIA.

W. G. RICH, Dist. Supt.

Phone, Main 117.

There is news on every page. Read it all.

after spending a month in Sierra Madre.

Attend the concert at the Woman's Club House next Monday evening.

Mrs. F. P. Sperry entertained the Wednesday Luncheon Club this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. D. Welsher is enjoying the luxury of a new Chevrolet touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brooks of E. Central spent last week at Santa Monica.

Miss Edith Blumer will entertain the Modern Pricillas on Thursday, October 30th.

W. E. Pedley of Riverside was a guest last week at the home of Mrs. Cary E. Fagge.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Gaskell of Kansas City visited the family of J. F. Whiting yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Manchester arrived home today from Bar Harbor, Maine, where after spending the summer there.

Miss Grace Roberts of Los Angeles was the guest for several days last week of Mrs. Henry Ross on N. Mountain Trail.

Set your clock back an hour, when you go to bed Saturday night and you can sleep an hour later the next morning.

J. H. Woodruff has rented a cottage at 71 E. Montecito and will take possession today, and remain for the winter months.

Buy a ticket to the concert, at the Woman's Club House, next Monday night. Proceeds to go to the Service Men's Memorial fund.

The Hotel Shirley has been covered with a new roof—all ready for some progressive person to rent and turn into a hotel in fact as well as in name.

Mrs. James S. Crane and Miss Alice Crane of Hemet, Calif., left last Tuesday for their home after spending two weeks in Sierra Madre Canyon Park.

Father Woodcutter has returned from his vacation greatly improved in health and appearance, weighing 15 or 20 pounds more than when he left.

Mrs. H. W. Topping left last Saturday for New York and her son, Earl Topping, will leave tomorrow for St. Louis and join his mother later.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Rounds and son Donald of Pasadena, Mrs. W. Rector of Monrovia were dinner guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. Palmer Rhodes.

Mr. Preston Schwartz has received word of the arrival of Lieut. Charles Schwartz and wife and Billie Schwartz at their new home in Philadelphia, Penn.

The Sierra Madre Canyon W. C. T. U. will meet this afternoon at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. E. Wood Davis, 47 Monita Ave. A large attendance is desired.

Prof. E. Recardi left last night for Chicago where he was called on account of the death of his uncle. He hopes to return to Sierra Madre later to finish the grand opera which he is composing.

Miss Bae Farman was initiated into the mysteries of the Order of the Eastern Star Monday evening. After the chapter meeting a social session was enjoyed, to which a number of outside guests were invited.

Mrs. W. C. Shaw, wife of Dean Shaw, returned Tuesday from Fullerton, where she has been for the past week aiding in the care of her uncle who was the victim of a serious automobile accident recently.

Mrs. Edith Eversole, who returned recently to Sierra Madre with her father to make her home, is a new assistant in the post office. She made many friends during a previous residence in Sierra Madre.

Mr. E. E. Cripps and family of Los Angeles visited this section the early part of the week inspecting a number of houses through the courtesy of Mr. Adams, with the expectation of locating here within a week or two.

Captain and Mrs. Walter Anderson, who came here recently from Chicago, have leased the W. A. Wright bungalow on Santa Anita Court and will occupy it as soon as their house-

hold goods arrive. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are occupying a room at the school house, convenient to Mr. Wright's work as custodian.

Mrs. J. J. Krafft and daughter Miss Elsa returned last Saturday from San Francisco where they have been for the past two weeks.

Miss Marion Vannier and Miss Daisy Vannier accompanied by their uncle, Mr. Charles Webster and brother, Mr. Webster Vannier, motored to San Diego last Friday and returned on the following Sunday.

Miss Gertrude McKenzie of Grand Rapids, Mich., is the guest of her aunt Mrs. H. R. McKenzie on north Mountain Trail Ave. and will remain for two weeks before her departure for San Francisco where she expects to spend the winter.

Merwin Hope, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hope, arrived home last Sunday from San Francisco where he recently went to receive his discharge from the army, having served in several branches of the service for the past two years.

Mrs. L. A. Null of Long Beach entertained with a week-end house party at her home here on West Montecito Ave. Those in the party were Mrs. L. P. Fray, Mrs. S. A. Lockridge, Mrs. Jewell and Mrs. Rodgers, all of Long Beach.

Captain and Mrs. J. A. Osgood arrived home today after two months absence in the east. They left in September to attend the Grand Army Encampment at Columbus, Ohio, and from there proceeded to visit their old home at Wellesley, Mass.

Of course you are going to the benefit concert, next Monday night at the Woman's Club House, given by the Woman's Club for the purpose of raising money with which to issue a souvenir booklet containing the picture and a short sketch of each Sierra Madre service man.

### A CHANGE IN THE CONCERT PROGRAM.

Prof. Recardi, the grand opera composer, was called east on account of the death of an uncle and will be unable to play at the concert Monday night. He assured the News of his sincere regret and gave helpful suggestions as to filling his place on the program.

John Marquardt evidently had an attack of artistic temperament, or something, and raised his offer of \$10 for expenses (express on instrument and an accompanist) to \$25, with the explanation that "musicians have been so much imposed upon during the war period that now, the war being over they resent any request for services for whatever cause."

The committee at once sought other talent and, in spite of the war being over and the concert as a benefit for the soldiers and sailors that helped lick the kaiser, had no difficulty in securing the services of the patriotic ladies that appear on the program in the places made vacant. Each of them has an enviable reputation and the committee is assured that their work is strictly of the highest professional order.

We sincerely trust that the people of Sierra Madre will show them that their generosity is appreciated, by filling the house to the doors.

### CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK.

Day before yesterday George Kelly and H. W. Sander were driving to this place and just after turning from the Foothill Boulevard into Sierra Madre avenue Sander's eagle eye noticed something lying in the ditch along the roadside "S-s-s-sh" he said in a carefully modulated voice that he uses on such occasions, "S-s-s-sh" he said again "what's that?" and with utter contempt for possible danger he pointed to the object in the ditch.

With the expert skill of a master driver Kelly brought the car to a sudden stop with grinding brakes, exclaiming at the same time "les haya look."

Cautiously but firmly they approached the object and gave it close inspection.

"Looks like a candy vending machine."

"It it a candy vending machine." "All busted to pieces." "Yes, all busted to pieces." "How d'ye 'pose it got here?" "Maybe it fell off a truck."

"Dunno."

Anyway its empty."

"Yes its empty." (smothered curses)

"'Spose somebody stole it?"

"Dunno."

"I betcha somebody stole it."

"I betcha they did too."

"Les hurry an' report it to the police."

"Aw right, les."

Thus by this clever bit of deductive detective work they unearthed another ghastly crime, the murder of a

## GROCERIES and VEGETABLES

### Specials for Saturday

3 POUNDS SUGAR TO EACH CUSTOMER.

New Kellogg Bran, per pkg cans for	.25
Campbell's Tomato Soups, 2	.19
New Kellogg Corn Flakes, per pkg	.14
White Navy Soap, 5 bars for	.25
Northern Potatoes, 10 lbs for	.35
Muscat Grapes, 2 lbs for	.15
Bartlett Pears, 1 lb for	.10

If you want your goods before noon, order must reach the store before 10 a.m. Later orders will be delivered in the afternoon.

OPEN THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BUT NO DELIVERY.

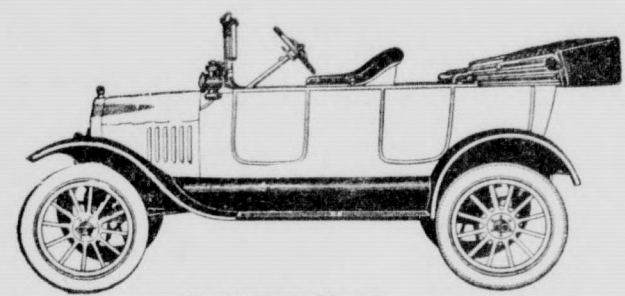
WE CLOSE AT 7:30 SATURDAY EVENING

**C. M. Nomura**

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

**Ford**  
THE UNIVERSAL CAR



New 1920 Model.

Equipped with Self Starter and Exide Battery.

Now on Display

in the Show Room of the

**Sierra Madre Garage**

MILTON STEINBERGER, PROPRIETOR.

Order Now for Prompt Delivery.

## WALK-OVER

### Walk-Over FOOT FORM SHOES For Children

Mothers who appreciate the necessity of having their children properly shod will be interested in our specialized Foot Form Shoes, built by specialists who understand the anatomy of children's feet. They are made of best wearing leather, strongly stitched on oak soles.

TAN AND DARK BROWN LEATHER	Buttons or LACE VARIOUS LEATHER
Sizes 6 to 8 ..... \$3.25	Sizes 6 to 8 ..... \$4.00
Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 ..... 3.75	Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 ..... 4.50
Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 ..... 4.00	Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 ..... 5.00

### Bassett's WALK-OVER Store

36 E. Colorado St PASADENA, CAL

"WALKOVERS FOR QUALITY, BASSETT'S FOR SERVICE."

candy vending machine, and tromping hard on the gas pedal, Kelly broke the speed law in reaching police headquarters, where they related their startling story to Chief Udell, modestly disclaiming any unusual credit for their fine work, although the chief warmly praised them for their efficiency.

No clues.

### THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes.

On Monday, October 27th, the regular social meeting of the Woman's Club will be held in the club rooms the program beginning at 3 p. m.

We are indeed honored in having secured as our guest and speaker of whose address on "Americanism", one

of the most vital and far reaching topics of the times, is anticipated with great interest.

Having been authorized by the California Commercial Federation, Senator Cartwright, through these splendid addresses, is speaking his message broadcast over the entire country.

Seventy-one American women, with their newly awakened ideas of citizenship, will welcome this opportunity of enriching their knowledge and re-awakening their patriotism. May each club member feel it her duty to occupy a chair at the Club House on the afternoon of this date, Oct. 27, 1919.

Just a reminder of the dance at the Club House tonight. Along with the reminder comes the triple assurance of good music, good refreshments and a good time.



# PIECES OF EIGHT

By Richard Le Gallienne

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered in the Bahama Islands in the Year 1903. Now First Given to the Public.

Copyright by Doubleday, Page &amp; Company.

## LOVE AND ADVENTURE

"Pieces of Eight!" Immediately the imagination begins its magic work. Thoughts fly to the old pirate days of the West Indies—the days of the buccaneers, of fighting, adventure and treasure. "Pieces of Eight"—Spanish dollars bearing the figure 8—mean to the imagination great, dark, steel-bound chests, with their puzzle-locks and mysterious riches of gold and gems. They mean pirate loot buried and lost to their pirate owners—and still waiting through the years a lucky finder.

They mean, too, tropic climes where it is always green and frost is a thing unthinkable—where fruit is ready to the hand and clothing is an ornament and the sun comes up like thunder, and blue skies and crystal waters run the gamut of all that is lovely in color.

Richard Le Gallienne is a literary craftsman. Poetry and prose come equally to his pen.

So, in addition to interest of plot, we have in "Pieces of Eight" the charm of the written word.

Love, adventure, mystery, buried treasure amid scenes far from the ordinary—what more can the reader ask in entertainment?

## Book I.

### CHAPTER I.

Introduces the Secretary of the Treasury of His Britannic Majesty's Government at Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands.

During the summer of 1903 I was paying what must have seemed like an interminable visit to my old friend John Saunders, who at that time filled with becoming dignity the high-sounding office of secretary of the treasury of his majesty's government, in the quaint little town of Nassau, in the island of New Providence, one of those Bahama Islands that lie half lost to the world to the southeast of the Caribbean sea and form a somewhat neglected portion of the British West Indies.

Time was when they had a sounding name for themselves in the world; when the now sleepy little harbor gave shelter to rousing freebooters and tarry pirates, tearing in there under full sail with their loot from the Spanish Main.

But those heroic days are gone, and Nassau is given up to a sleepy trade in sponges and tortoise shell, and peace is no name for the drowsy tenor of the days under the palm trees and the scarlet poincianas.

Here a handful of Englishmen, clothed in the white linen suits of the tropics, carry on the government after the traditional manner of British colonies from time immemorial, each of them, like my friend, not without an English smile at the humor of the thing, supporting the dignity of offices with impressive names—lord chief justice, attorney general, speaker of the house, lord high admiral, colonial secretary and so forth.

My friend the secretary of the treasury is a man possessing in an uncommon degree that rare and most attractive of human qualities, companionship. As we sit together in the hush of his snugger of an evening, surrounded by guns, fishing lines and old prints, there are times when we scarcely exchange a dozen words between dinner and bedtime, and yet we have all the time a keen and satisfying sense of companionship. It is John Saunders' gift. Companionship seems quietly to ooze out of him, without the need of words.

And occasionally we have as third in those evening conclaves a big, slow-smiling, broad-faced young merchant of the same kidney. In he drops with a nod and a smile, and takes his place in the smoke cloud of our meditations, radiating without the effort of speech that good thing—humanity; though one must not forget the one subject in which now and again the good Charlie Webster achieves eloquence in spite of himself—duck shooting.

John Saunders' subject is shark fishing. Duck shooting and shark fishing. It is enough. Here, for sensible men, is a sufficient basis for life-long friendship, and unwavering, inexhaustible companionship.

It was in this peace of John Saunders' snugger one July evening in 1903, the three of us being duly met and ensconced in our respective armchairs, that we got onto the subject of buried treasure. It was I who started us off by asking John what he knew about buried treasure.

At this John laughed his funny little quiet laugh. "Buried treasure!" he said; "well, I have 'tude doubt that the islands are full of it—if one only knew how to get at it."

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Certainly. Why not? Weren't these islands for nearly three centuries the stamping ground of all the pirates of the Spanish Main? Morgan was here. Blackbeard was here. The very governors themselves were little better than pirates. This room we are sitting in was the den of one of the biggest rogues of them all—John Tinker—the governor when Bruce was here building Fort Montague at the east end yonder; building it against pirates, and little else but pirates at the Government house all the time. A great old time Tinker gave the poor fellow. You can read all about it in his 'Memoirs.' Nassau was the rendezvous for all the cutthroats of the Caribbean sea. Here they came in with their loot, their doubloons and pieces of eight; and John's eyes twinkled with enjoyment of the rich old romantic words, as though they were old port.

"Here they squandered much of it, no doubt, but they couldn't squander it all. Some of them were thrifty knaves, too, and these, looking around for some place of safety, would naturally think of the bush. The niggers kept their little hoards there to this day."

"It is their form of stocking," put in Charlie Webster.

"Precisely. Well, as I was saying, those old fellows would bury their hoards in some cave or other, and then go off—and get hanged. Their ghosts perhaps came back. But their money is still here, lots of it, you bet your life."

"Do they ever make any finds?" I asked.

"Nothing big that I know of. A jug full of old coins now and then. I found one a year or two ago in my garden here—buried down among the roots of that old fig tree."

"Then," put in Charlie, "there was that mysterious stranger over at North Cay. He's supposed to have got away with quite a pile."

"Tell me about him," said I.

"Well, there used to be an old eccentric character in the town here—a halfbreed by the name of Andrews. John will remember him—"

John nodded.

"He used to go around all the time with a big umbrella, and muttering to himself. We used to think him half crazy. Gone so brooding over this very subject of buried treasure. Better look out, young man!"—smiling at me. "He used to be always grubbing about in the bush. Well, several years ago there came a visitor from New York, and he got thick with the old

secretary of the treasury. So John rose.

"Those Old Fellows Would Bury Their Hoards."

fellow. They used to go about a lot together, and were often off on so-called fishing trips for days on end. Actually, it is believed, they were after something on North Cay. At all events some months afterward the New Yorker disappeared as he had come and has not been heard from since. But since then they have found a sort of brick vault over there which has evidently been excavated. I have seen it myself. A sort of walled chamber. There, it's supposed the New Yorker found something or other. That's the story for what it's worth."

As Charlie finished John slapped his knee.

"The very thing for you!" he said; "why have I never thought of it before?"

"What do you mean, John?" we both asked.

"Why down at the office I've got the very thing. A pity I haven't got it here. You must come in and see it tomorrow."

"Wait on earth is it? Why do you keep us guessing?"

"Why, it's an old manuscript that came into my hands a short time ago. Charlie, you remember old Wicks—old Billy Wicks—'Wrecker' Wicks, they called him—"

"I should say I do. A wonderful old villain—"

"But the document, for heaven's sake," I said. "The document first; the story will keep."

"Well, they were pulling down Wicks' own house just lately, and out of the rafters there fell a roll of paper—now I'm coming to it—a roll of paper, purporting to be the account of the burying of a certain treasure, telling the place where it is buried, and giving directions for finding it—"

Charlie and I exclaimed together; and John continued, with tantalizing deliberation:

"It's a statement purporting to be made by some fellow on his deathbed—some fellow dying out in Texas—a quondam pirate, anxious to make his peace at the end and to give his friends the benefit of his knowledge."

"Oh, John!" said I, "I shan't sleep a wink tonight."

"I don't take much stock in it," said John. "I'm inclined to think it's a hoax. Someone trying to fool the old fellow. . . . But, boys, it's bedtime, anyhow. Come down to the office in the morning and we'll look it over."

So our meeting broke up for the time being, and taking my candle I went upstairs, to dream of caves overflowing with goldpieces, and John Tinker, fierce and mustachioed, standing over me, a cutlass between his teeth and a revolver in each hand.

## CHAPTER II.

The Narrative of Henry P. Tobias, ex-Pirate, as Dictated on His Deathbed, in the Year of Our Lord 1859.

The good John had scarcely made his leisurely, distinguished appearance at his desk on the morning when I too entered by one door and Charlie Webster by the other.

"Now for the document," we both exclaimed in a breath.

"Here it is," he said, taking up a rather grimy-looking roll of foolscap from in front of him, which, as he pointed out, was evidently the work of a person of very little education, and began to read as follows:

County of Travis, State of Texas, December 1859.

Feeling my end is near, I make the following statement of my own free will and without solicitation. In full exercise of all my faculties, and feel that I am doing my duty by so doing.

I was born in the city of Liverpool, England on the 5th day of December 1784. My father was a seaman and when I was young I followed the same occupation. And it happened, that when, on a passage from Spain to the West Indies, our ship was attacked by free-traders, as they called themselves, but they were pirates. We all did our best, but were overpowered, and the whole crew, except three, were killed. I was one of the three they did not kill. They carried us on board their ship and kept us until next day when they asked us to join them. They tried to get us to join them willingly, but we would not, when they became enraged and loaded three cannon and lashed each one of us before the mouth of each cannon and told us to take our choice to join them, as they would touch the guns and that damn quick. It is useless to say we accepted everything before death, so we came one of the pirates crew. Both of my companions were killed in less than six months, but I was with them for more than two years, in which time we collected vast quantities of money from different ships we captured, and we buried a great amount in two different lots. I helped to bury it with my own hands. The location of which is my purpose to point out, so that it can be found without trouble in the Bahama Islands. After I had been with them for more than two years, we were attacked by a large warship and our commander boarded each one of us before we were taken to death if we were taken. But the guns of our ship were too small for the warship, so our ship soon began to sink, when the man-of-war ran alongside of our ship and told us to board and we were sinking too fast, so she had to haul off again, when our vessel sank with everything on board, and I escaped by swimming under the stern of the ship, as ours sank, and I was seen, and holding on to the ship until dark, when I swam to a portion of the wrecked vessel floating not far away. And on that I floated. The next morning the ship was not seen. I was picked up by a passing vessel the next day as a shipwrecked seaman.

And let me say here, I know that no one escaped alive from our vessel except myself and those that were taken by the man-of-war. And those were all executed as pirates—so I know that no other man knows of this treasure except myself and it must be and is where we buried it until today and unless you get it through this statement it will remain there always and do no one any good.

Therefore, it is your duty to trace it up and get it for your own benefit, as well as others, so delay not, but act as soon as possible.

I will now describe the places, locations, marks, etc., etc., so plainly that it can be found without any trouble.

The first is a sum of one million and a half dollars (\$1,500,000).

At this point John paused. We all took a long breath, and Charlie Webster gave a soft whistle and smacked his lips.

"A million and a half dollars. What ho!"

Then I, happening to cast my eye through the open door, caught sight of a face gazing through the ironwork of the outer office with a fixed and glittering expression, a face anything but prepossessing, the face of a half-breed, deeply pockmarked, with a coarse hook nose and evil-looking eyes, unnaturally close together. It was evident from his expression that he had not missed a word of the reading.

"There is someone in the outer office," I said, and John rose and went out.

"Good morning, Mr. Saunders," said an unpleasantly soft and cringing voice.

"Good morning," said John, somewhat grumpily, "what is it you want?"

It was some detail of account, which, being dispatched, the man shuffled off, with evident reluctance, casting a long, inquisitive look at us seated at the desk, and John, taking up the manuscript once more, resumed:

The second is a sum of one million and one half dollars—buried at a cay known as Dead Men's Shoes, near Nassau, in the Bahama Islands. About fifty feet (50 ft.) south of this Dead Men's Shoes is a rock, on which we cut the form of a compass.

And twenty feet (20 ft.) East from the cay is another rock on which we cut a cross (X). Under this rock it is buried four feet (4 ft.) deep.

The other is a sum of one million dollars (\$1,000,000). It is buried on what was known as Short Shift island; on the highest point of this Short Shift island is a large cabbage wood stump and twenty feet (20 ft.) south of that stump is the treasure, buried five feet (5 ft.) deep and can be found without difficulty. Short Shift island is a place where passing vessels stop to get fresh water. No great distance from Nassau, so it can be easily found.

The first pod was taken from a Spanish merchant and it is in Spanish silver dollars.

The other on Short Shift island is in different kinds of money, taken from different ships of different nations—it is all good money.

Now friends, I have told you all that is necessary for you to know to recover these treasures and I leave it in your hands and it is my request that when you read this, you will at once take steps to recover it, and when you get it, it is my wish that you use it in a way most good to yourself and others. This is all I ask.

I am, truly your friend, HENRY P. TOBIAS.

"Henry P. Tobias?" said Charlie Webster. "Never heard of him. Did you, John?"

"Never."

And then there was a stir in the outer office. Someone was asking for

the secretary of the treasury. So John rose.

"I must get to work now, boys. We can talk it over tonight." And then, handing me the manuscript: "Take it home with you, if you like, and look it over at your leisure."

As Charlie Webster and I passed out into the street I noticed the fellow of the sinister pockmarked visage, standing near the window of the inner office. The window was open, and anyone standing outside could easily have heard everything that passed inside. As the fellow caught my eye he smiled unpleasantly and stalked off down the street.

"Who is that fellow?" I asked Charlie.

"He's a queer-looking specimen."

"Yes! he's no good. Yet he's more half-witted than bad, perhaps. His face is against him, poor devil."

And we went our ways till the evening. I to post home to the further study of the narrative. There, seated on the pleasant veranda, I went over it carefully, sentence by sentence. While I was reading, someone called me indoors. I put down the manuscript on the little bamboo table at my side and went in. When I returned a few moments afterward the manuscript was gone!

Wanted Masculine Touch. Bobby was a small boy, but he objected vigorously to a little waist that had a big collar and cuffs with a narrow ruffle around the edge. When asked the reason he said he didn't like the "girl" on it.

A million and a half dollars buried on Dead Man's Shoes and a million on Short Shift island—what ho!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and

awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good

work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."

—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

All is fair in love and war—or, in other words, during courtship and after marriage.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

In the good old summer time when fruits of all kinds are getting ripe and tempting, when cucumbers, radishes and vegetables fresh from the garden are too good to resist, when the festive picnic prevails and everybody overcasts and your stomach goes back on you, then is the time for "August Flower," the sovereign remedy for tired, overworked and disordered stomachs, a panacea for indigestion, fermentation of food, sour stomach, sick headache and constipation. It gently stimulates the liver, cleanses the intestines and alimentary canal, making life worth living. Sold everywhere. Adv.

The Result.

"Who are generally the winners at a tea fight?" "There aren't any. It is always a drawn battle."

Cuticura for Pimples Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

BETTER FITTED FOR WORK

Testimony Shows That Service in the Army Has Made the Average Man More Efficient.

Evidence that returned soldiers, particularly those who saw service overseas, are going back into civil pursuits more efficient and better fitted for their work is furnished by one of the largest employers of labor in the country, a firm which has requested that its name be not disclosed.

Of more than six hundred returned soldiers who have been employed by this corporation 43 per cent have proved more efficient than they were before their military experience; 58 per cent are put down as just about the same as before in efficiency and the remaining 5 per cent are rated as having less efficiency.

According to the letter giving these figures: "The analysis indicates that the men are more orderly in their routine work, more punctual, and a few who were rather difficult to handle are now amenable to discipline."

Soldier's Hard Luck.

"How did you get so many wounds?" I asked the corporal in the bathhouse, seeing his body covered with scars. "Accidental discharge of duties!"

"Now, you see it was this way: I was standin' on the edge of our trench leavin' up against our barrage, when they lifted the barrage and I fell into the trench."—Exchange.

An optimist is one who sings, "Pack your troubles in the old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."

His Diamond a Bargain.

An amusing story is told in connection with the early days of Sir J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire, who has been figuring prominently in the London law courts.

He was crossing the Vaal river in 1890, looking for diamonds. He asked the natives if they had seen any "pretzstones," and at last he found a man who had a diamond. It was a small stone, and the prospector offered \$50 for it, but he refused to part with it. He increased his offer to \$60, but still the man refused.

"What will you take for it?" he was asked.

"Twenty goats," was the firm reply: "nothing less."

"I sent off to the nearest farm," says Sir J. B. Robinson, in telling the story, "and bought 20 goats for \$37.50, and so got possession of my first diamond."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Evidence.

Fair Overseas Visitor.—And, my dear, they're just the cleanest boys you ever saw. It must have been the day they sent their things to the laundry, for the major took us all over the barracks, and there wasn't a sheet or pillow slip in sight anywhere! And not even a speck of linen in the mess hall!

—The Stars and Stripes.

Most Do.

She—He treats every one with the milk of human kindness.

He—Yes, but he usually skins it first.

## MILLIONS Suffer from Acid-Stomach

Millions of people suffer year after year from ailments affecting practically every part of the body, never dreaming that their ill health can be traced directly to acid-stomach. Here is the reason: poor digestion means poor nourishment of the different organs and tissues of the body. The blood is impoverished—becomes weak, thin, sluggish. Ailments of many kinds spring from such conditions. Eruptions, rheumatism, lunatic conditions, general weakness, loss of power and energy, headache, insomnia, nervousness, mental depression—even more serious ailments such as catarrh and cancer of the stomach, intestinal ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, heart trouble—all of these can often be traced directly to acid-stomach. Keep a sharp lookout for the first symptoms of acid-stomach—indigestion, heartburn, belching, food repeating, that awful painful flat after eating, and sour, easy stomach. EATONIC is guaranteed to bring quick relief from these stomach troubles. Thousands say they never dreamt that anything could bring such speedy relief—and make them feel as much better in every way. Try EATONIC and you, too, will be just as enthusiastic in its praise. Make your life worth living—no aches or pains—no blues or melancholy—no more of that tired, listless feeling. Be well and strong. Get back your physical and mental health. Your vine vigor and vitality. You will always be weak and ailing as long as you have acid-stomach. So get rid of it now. Take EATONIC Tablets—they taste good—you eat them like a bit of candy. Your druggist has EATONIC—50 cents for a big box. Get a box from him today and if you are not satisfied he will refund your money.

## EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Unfortunate Insect.

A friend, passing the house the other day, saw little Jeanne playing with a bumblebee in some water.

"My," said the friend, "but that bumblebee is certainly having the time of his life!"

"Yes," said Jeanne—and then with a tinge of regret, "but he doesn't know it. He's dead."

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of them whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

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—The Stars and Stripes.

Most Do.

She—He treats every one with the milk of human kindness.

He—Yes, but he usually skins it first.



A dish you'll always relish At breakfast or lunch with either milk or cream

Grape-Nuts

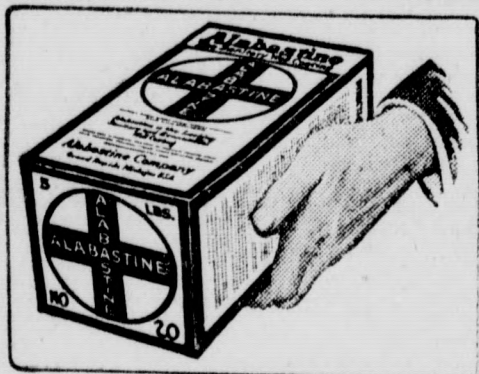
fills a requirement for nourishment not met by many cereals.

No cooking No waste

At Grocers Everywhere.



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Smoked, grimy, papered, painted or kalsomined walls are a menace to health and offensive to the discriminating housewife.

Alabastine is so economical, so durable, so sanitary, so easy to mix and apply that it is universally used in securing proper wall conditions.

Alabastine is used in the homes, schools, churches and on all kinds of interior surfaces, whether plaster, wallboard, over painted walls, or even over old wallpaper that is solid on the wall and not printed in aniline colors.

Alabastine is packed in dry powder in full five pound packages, requiring only pure cold water to mix, with directions on each package. You will readily appreciate the economy of Alabastine over other methods, and remember it is used in the finest homes and public buildings everywhere. Be sure you get Alabastine, and if your dealer cannot or will not supply you, write direct for sample card and color designs with name of nearest dealer.

New walls demand Alabastine, old walls appreciate Alabastine.

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**Cuticura SOAP AND OINTMENT**  
Cures Itches, Sores, Boils, Burns, Scalds, Eczema, Ringworm, etc.  
It is the only remedy that cures all these troubles.

At all Drug Stores. Write for Free Eye Book.

Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

More Than He Could Stand.

A naval aviation cadet at Miami, Fla., was assigned to a seaplane with orders to stay in the air for an hour.

After a flight of 30 minutes, the cadet landed and taxied onto the beach.

The division commander, with fire in his eye, descended upon the luckless student. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "I told you to stay out an hour. You've only been gone half that time."

"Really, sir," replied the student, "the air is awful rough. I never saw anything like it! Why, I looked up the road toward Miami, and it was full of blackbirds walking into town!"

#### School "Beery" Class.

Schoolmasters have good opportunities for collating curious groups of names. In one class, which a master called his "beery" class, were boys of the name of Negus, Malster, Burton, Whitbeard and Stout.

At the same time there was a boy in another class named Gim and the school cleaner was Mrs. Wines.

As the school opens into "Brewery Road" the name "Beery" was not inappropriate.—London Chronicle.

Kept Up Too Much of a Racket.  
Mrs.—You and I are one.  
Mr.—Still, I never feel alone when I'm with you.

The man with anticollapsible views must indulge in vestibule trains of thought.

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### MEAN POISON IVY.

"I'm mean," said the poison ivy. "Yes, I'm mean, and I'm glad of it. If I were sorry for it I might try to do better, but I am not sorry for it. Therefore, I don't try to do better."

"There are times when I don't poison creatures. That isn't because I am feeling any nicer but because I'm not just feeling like working at that moment. I may be taking a nap or something of the sort."

"But I did a fine thing last year. I made two children sick with the effects of poison ivy for a longer time than I ever had before."

"I really had a good summer. I made them feel so poorly, O, so poorly."

"I poisoned a great many. Lots and lots of children and grown-ups, too, did I poison."

"They didn't know just what I looked like. And they went around getting ferns and plants and touched me, ha, ha."

"They went in swimming in a part of the lake, near a swamp where I had decided some of my family ought to be."

"I just was in so many places and I did so much, much harm. It was splendid, perfectly splendid."

"I was proud of my record. But somehow there were not the same results this year. I didn't have quite my usual good luck."

"I'm glad of it," said the little gnome who was listening to the poison ivy.

"What! Why, you wretch!" said the poison ivy. "What do you mean by saying such a thing?"

"I mean to say it because I think that way. I'm glad when you aren't successful," said the gnome.

"But just what have we ever done to you?" asked the poison ivy.

"Nothing," said the gnome.

"I don't understand at all," said the poison ivy.

"Of course you wouldn't," said the gnome.

"Why, why, why?" asked the poison ivy. "Pray explain."

"You have never done anything to us," said the gnome, "but it wasn't because you didn't want to, it was because you weren't able to."

"That, of course, is true," agreed the poison ivy.

"And you weren't able to do anything to us because we belonged to the fairyland people."

"That is also true," agreed the poison ivy again.

"But we don't like you because you're mean to people, and we don't like things which are mean even if they aren't mean to us."

"That seems strange," said the poison ivy.

"Of course it does to you," said the gnome, "for you're too mean to understand."

"You're so mean you don't like us to have good luck," said the poison ivy.

"Because we like people and children and because we like nice plants and leaves which are pretty and which don't do anything which is unkind," said the gnome.

"But I will tell you why you hadn't so much luck this summer," continued the gnome.

"Do you know the reason?" asked the poison ivy. "Will you tell me so something can be done about it?"

"I'll tell it to you, but nothing can be done about it, for it is where people can get ahead of you, and your mean ways, with their sharp wits."

"They grew in a city park this summer, in a part where lots and lots of people walk every day, and near a vegetable garden where lots of city people took turns in working over it, some of your family, poison ivy. They marked that it was poison and they put a wire cage over it."

"So people learned what you look like and they're going to do that more and more so that people will not get poisoned because they'll know you and get out of your way. And more and more children are looking up your pictures in big books so you won't get the best of them, ha, ha," ended the gnome happily.

#### If Given Half a Chance.

The seed is nothing without soil, and the richest farm land is nothing without seed, but the two together may mean a bountiful crop. Opportunity is as much inside as out. Nothing is opportunity to you which does not correspond to some power of your being, and if these powers are given half a chance, they will find opportunity in very bleak surroundings.—Girls' Companion.

#### Essential Stable Feeds.

Teacher—Johnny, what are the most essential stable foods of today?

Johnny—Hay, corn and oats. That's what our horse eats.—The American Boy.

#### A Sea Change.

"Why did you take these fish from the aquarium?"

"Because I was afraid the turtle might eat them."

"Why, there's no turtle in there."

"Well, Johnny put his boat in the aquarium and papa said it turned turtle."—Brooklyn Citizen.

#### New Kind of Alcohol.

"Well, little miss," said the grocer, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, mother wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol.—Tit-Bits.

## BACK LIKE A BOARD? IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

There's no use suffering from the awful agony of lame back. Don't wait till it "passes off." It only comes back. Find the cause and stop it. Diseased conditions of kidneys are usually indicated by stiff lame backs and other wrenching pains, which are nature's signals for help!

Here's the remedy. When you feel the first twinges of pain or experience any of these symptoms, get busy at once. Go to your druggist and get a box of the pure, original GOLD MEDAL Haaslem Oil Capsules, imported fresh every month from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. Pleasant and easy to take, they instantly attack the poisonous germs clogging your system and bring quick relief.

For over two hundred years they have been helping the sick. Why not try them? Sold everywhere by reliable druggists in sealed packages. Three sizes. Money back if they do not help you. Ask for "GOLD MEDAL" and be sure the name "GOLD MEDAL" is on the box—Adv.

#### All Depends.

He—I love the smell of powder.  
She—So do I. Don't you think violet scent is the best?

Beauty has no real advantage, but it catches the floating vote.

Milliners' bills are the taxes which the male sex has to pay for the beauty of the females.

## "BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

#### What She Wanted to Know.

The Income Tax Man—Is there anything you don't understand, madam?  
Mrs. Grabbitt—Yes. In listing my income am I entitled to deduct the dollar a week I allow my husband out of his salary for carfare and lunches?

#### Conditional.

"Can I visit my aunt this summer, Robert?"  
"Not unless I first visit my uncle!"—Boston Transcript.

## DISCOURAGED

Mr. Reuter Was Almost Helpless From Kidney Trouble, But Doan's Made Him Well.

"I was in terrible shape from kidney trouble," says D. Reuter, North St., West Chicago, Ill. "I couldn't stoop because of the awful pains in my back and the steady, dull misery almost drove me frantic. I had to be helped out of bed mornings, the pains across my kidneys were so bad and nobody knows the agony I went through. I couldn't do anything and was almost helpless. Doan's Kidney Pills I used them and four boxes cured me. My kidneys became normal, my back got well and strong and all the other troubles disappeared."

Mr. Reuter

"For two years I suffered, trying medicine after medicine without relief. I was just about discouraged and didn't think I would ever be able to work again. Hearing about Doan's Kidney Pills I used them and four boxes cured me. My kidneys became normal, my back got well and strong and all the other troubles disappeared."

Sworn to before

JAS. W. CARR, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dry-Cleaning, as It Were.

"Like my new bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"It's waterproof."

"That so? Is that an advantage?"

"Yes. I can go in bathing now and not get wet."

Fame Usually Comes Unthought.

Nothing is so commonplace as to wish to be remarkable. Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else—very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now, let us be a celebrated individual!"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## HAIRO

Is your hair falling out? Does your scalp itch and burn? Bothered with dandruff? This is a wonderful scalp remedy which POSITIVELY STOPS FALLING HAIR and nourishes, invigorates and promotes its growth. Will within a month start new hair, growing all over the scalp, which soon develops into a strong, lustrous growth. You will be delighted with results. You don't need to be bald! Send \$1.00 for a month's supply. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Postpaid. Send 2c stamp for "Hair-facts."

HAIRO REMEDY CO.

Dept. 900, 117 North Dearborn Street, Chicago

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 free.

ABSORBINE, the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W.F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 39-1919.

## Give The Folks

The Original

## POSTUM CEREAL

for their table drink. That will dispose of those coffee troubles which frequently show in headache, irritability, indigestion and sleeplessness.

"There's a Reason"

At Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c



WHEN you see this famous trade-mark, think a minute! Think of the delicious taste of a slice of fresh toasted bread!

That's the real idea back of the success of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Toasting improves tobacco just as well as bread. And that's a lot.

Try a Lucky Strike cigarette—

## It's toasted

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.





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—a full line of LA TAUSCA PEARL NECKLACES—from \$3.50 up to the "DIAMOND OPERA," \$20.00. Highest cash price paid for old gold, silver and diamonds.

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Your Summer Vacation?**

Do you want detailed information  
RELATIVE TO

**San Bernardino Mountain Resorts?**

Agents of this company, upon request, will provide you with folders descriptive of any of the beautiful, healthful resorts of the San Bernardino Mountains.

They will ascertain for you without cost whether accommodations are available at any of them and at what cost.

They will advise you and assist you in shipping your own camp outfit to any point accessible in the mountains, and arrange for its return to your home destination after your vacation.

They will arrange all your transportation details gladly so that every feature of the journey may so far as possible be pleasant and your stay among the great trees of our own mountains the happiest days of your lives. Call upon them freely.

**Pacific Electric Railway**

G. E. MESECAR, SIERRA MADRE GENT

Will gladly assist you and solicits inquiry.

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.**

Sheriff's Sale

No. B75947

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.  
Lydia M. Webster, Plaintiff,  
vs.

Julius A. Potter, et al, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 27 day of September A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Lydia M. Webster, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgement and decree of foreclosure and sale against Julius A. Potter, et al, defendants on the 16 day of September A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen hundred sixty eight and 45/100 (\$1368.45) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 23 day of September A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgement Book 445 of said Court, at page 311, I am commanded to sell all those certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California and bounded and described as follows: Lots twenty-five (25) and twenty six (26) of the Re-subdivision of a part of L. L. Ferry's Subdivision of the central portion of lot fourteen (14) of the Sierra Madre Tract as per map recorded in Book 66 page 71 miscellaneous records of said county.

Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby Given, That, on Monday, the 3rd day of November, A. D., 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 9th day of October, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.  
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.  
Slossen & Mitchell,  
Plaintiff's Attorney.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Natural Gas is the cheapest \*  
\* fuel for your furnace. Let the \*  
\* Gas Company install a furnace \*  
\* in your house. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**WATER CONSERVATION**

An Expert Tells of What May Happen  
to This Slope of the Sierra  
Madre Mountains

W. E. Pedley of Riverside was a News visitor the last of last week and gave us some very interesting as well as startling information regarding the water supply of this slope of the Sierra Madre mountains and the effect of the recent forest fires.

Mr. Pedley is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of Los Angeles and a member of the committee of reforestation of Orange, Riverside and San Bernardino counties, and has for years been actively engaged in the water conservation problem, therefore his opinion, backed by his extensive experience, should be considered as expert.

Mr. Pedley says: "The recent 13 days of forest fires have created great damages for the present, possibly for the future. The one which I look upon with the greatest dread is that in the San Gabriel canyon. If we have a wet winter, or even a flood approaching that of 1916, I think the San Gabriel canyon will be cleaned out; the first effect would be to fill up the mouth of the canyon, including the three railroad bridges; then the flood will probably burst the three lines.

A flood of sand and gravel will probably fill up San Pedro harbor so that ships can neither enter or leave. When the fire has burnt over the forest, the leaves, underbrush and grasses are gone, besides the most of the trees; there is nothing to prevent the rainfall from flowing to the mouth of the canyon in double quick time so that the quantity of water is much augmented, and it is better able to carry out the boulders and gravel.

The steps to be taken, I suggest, should be to make check dams of brush, logs and timbers in the upper courses of the stream beds near their heads, where the water has very little power and where the fall is low. These should be made of branches which will grow and become permanent. Where logs are placed across the stream, and well packed up, the sand and gravel will be detained there and will form good places to root trees, and to form a little lake from the bed of which water will for a long time percolate. It is desirable that the first row of check dams should be permanent so that no sand or gravel shall escape, so that all that can come up against the next row is what is collected before one gets to the next row; this may be another log dam, or we may have begun to use wire check dams. But in any case, it is desirable to hold all the stream brings, and so on to the mouth of the canyon. These should be followed by check dams made of boulders, confined in wire netting; these should become heavier, more massive, and strengthened with wire cables as they approach the mouth of the canyon; then it will be necessary to dislodge with dynamite the large rocks which will fall into the stream and secure these rocks with cables and wire; gradually heavy boulders (selected) of one to five tons, and secured together by cables, chains, and drilling bolts; no way being too strong to hold and secure the mass of boulders; this method was used by Mr. Francis Cuttle in San Bernardino work with good results.

The idea is to put in check dams throughout the stream which will change the whole stream into a long succession of shallow lakes, thus holding all the water and having it sink into the ground, at the same time leaving the sand and gravel scattered in flats in the mountains; these will eventually have to be built up."

**RED CROSS ELECTS  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

The annual meeting of the Sierra Madre Chapter, A. R. C., was held Wednesday evening at the City Hall.

Reports of the different committees were read and ordered placed on file.

The principal purpose of the meeting was the election of an executive committee for the ensuing year.

The following members were elected:

Miss Flora Vannier,  
Miss Edith Blumer,  
Miss Bertha Hearle,  
Miss Jean Woodward,  
Mrs. Stella Dennisson,  
Mrs. Hulda Ingraham,  
Mrs. Elizabeth Nouse,  
Mrs. Mary D. Goodfellow,  
Mrs. Elizabeth Dietz,  
Mr. C. W. Forman,  
Mr. W. S. Hull,  
Mr. R. R. Harman.

The newly elected executive committee will meet and effect an organization and elect its officers on Friday afternoon at four o'clock, October 31, at the City Hall.

**RED CROSS OVER  
THE TOP AGAIN.**

Sierra Madre has never failed in the entire war and post war activi-

ties, to do all and more than that was asked of her. At this time a fund of 15 million dollars is being raised for Red Cross purposes and Sierra Madre, as usual, was asked to meet an unusually high quota of \$2500 which the local chapter A. R. C. has met and sent in to division headquarters.

Besides the drive for 15 millions of dollars, this is a round-up for memberships for 1920 and beginning Nov. 2nd and for one week, to and including Nov. 11th, a campaign will be waged all over the country for enrollments in the great cause of the American Red Cross. Don't forsake the cause. C. W. Jones, Pres.

**BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Last Saturday afternoon Rose Gerson entertained with a party in celebration of her twelfth birthday. Pink roses and pink crepe paper were used in decorating. Those who received invitations were Cynthia and Charles Hull, Elizabeth, Dicy-Jane and Eleanor Lynch, Portia Wallace, Hazel Udell, Bernhardt and Lester Bodine, Dorothy Scott, Phyllis, Gladys and Harriet Fettle, Harry Peterson, Doris Hearle, Marjorie Purcell, Elsie Phillips, Donny Eckman, Verna Jones, Marian Barrett, Nona and Buna Steinburg, Billy Sumner, Myrtle and Mabel Shipp of Sierra Madre, and Ethel Hansby of San Bernardino. Among the mothers present were Mrs. W. S. Hull, Mrs. Marion Purcell and Mrs. Eckman.

**OLD CLOTHES DAY**

Sierra Madre was well represented at Pasadena High School Thursday, Oct. 23rd, the occasion being "old clothes day," which is an annual event for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm for the coming league games of football. Many odd costumes were seen on the 7:30 car, and aroused much curiosity among the passengers.

Lorraine Wright and Mary Benton were so interested in arranging their hair ribbons that the car whizzed by with their school mates on board and they were left to go on the next car, much to their chagrin.

**NEW BOOK FOR FRUIT GROWERS**

A new handsomely illustrated volume has recently been issued by the experts employed by the government entitled "Information for Fruit Growers About Insecticides, Spraying Apparatus, and Important Insect Pests." The book contains one hundred pages and seems to treat every conceivable phase of the care and growth of fruit trees and vines. A copy will be sent to any interested resident of the Ninth Congressional District by Congressman Charles H. Randall whose address is Washington, D. C.

**VICTORY DAY FIESTA  
HELD AT PUENTE**

Puente will hold a Victory Day Fiesta and reception to her service men, Nov. 11th—Armistice Day.

The program includes: Reception to service men, free barbecue, baseball and football, soil product exhibit, tractor demonstration, domestic science, etc.

A personal letter from Chairman Timothy Brownhill asks us to extend a cordial invitation to all Sierra Madre people, and suggests that the free barbecue is a good way to reduce the H. C. of L.

**ARMY MOTORCYCLES ON  
SALE AT ARCADIA**

Ten army motorcycles, assigned to the Balloon School at Ross Field, Arcadia, will be sold at auction on November 5, it was announced yesterday. The motorcycles have been condemned for army use. All are of Indian type. The government is serving the right to reject any or all bids. Terms are cash at the time of purchase, the property to be removed within twenty-four hours.

**APPRECIATION**

I want to thank the friends in Sierra Madre who so liberally gave me their moral as well as financial support and assure them that it is with genuine regret that I decided, for business reasons to locate elsewhere. I shall always remember, with sincere affection, the people of Sierra Madre. H. W. SANDERS.

**THEY WANT A TRAILER.**

Owing to the overcrowded condition and inconvenience to local commuters on the 5:06 car from Los Angeles, a petition is about to be circulated appealing to the Pacific Electric officials for better service by attaching a trailer on this run.

**MAYOR MITCHELL RECOVERED.**

Mayor Mitchell has been suffering with rheumatism for some time and confined to his bed, but is able to go to business again.

News on every page. Read it all.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS****R. H. MACKERRAS, M. D.**

Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central  
Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. 10:30 to 11:30 by appointment. Phone Main 53 or Green 57.  
Pasadena Office, Central Building.  
Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo. 1191.

**LOYD L. KREBS, M. D.**

Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin.  
Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11to 12:30.  
Phone Main 60.  
Pasadena Office, 461 E. Colorado  
Phone, Colo. 630  
Residence, 415 Oak Lawn, So. Pasadena, Fair Oaks 584

**GEO. W. GROTH, D.O., M.D.**

Office at  
Sierra Madre Hospital  
122 N. Baldwin Ave.  
Resident Physician and Surgeon.  
Calls answered day or night. Office Phone Blue 144; Res. Blue 73.

**MAY JANET CULBERTSON, D. O.**

Osteopathic Physician  
Hours by Appointment.  
Office and Residence,  
193 West Central Ave.  
Phone, Blue 36.

**ALLEN T. GAY**

Funeral Director  
Phone Main 93. 201 West Central Avenue, Sierra Madre, Cal.

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Coffee Parlor**

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**GOOD DENTAL WORK.**

Examinations Free.

Crowns ..... 5.00 up  
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Plates ..... as low as 8.00

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\* chance to figure on your heating \*  
\* for the coming winter. \*  
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Everyone can have a garden of their own, in which they can grow attractive flowers for the house.

Let us tell you how and show you our fine stock of plants.

Our Prices Are Low.

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Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

**JUST PURE RED CLOVER**

Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clover (not a patent medicine) prevents the flu, cleanses the blood, restores convalescents and builds up the system. Recommended and sold by F. H. Hartman & Son, druggists. adv.

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\* No soot, no ashes, no work. \*  
\* The Eclipse Gas Range, for \*  
\* sale by the Gas Company, eliminates all undesirable features in cooking. \*  
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**The NEWS - Job Printing****Portable heat  
convenient-economical**

A good oil heater filled with Pearl Oil is a real comfort. Gives instant heat—when and where wanted. No smoke, no odor. Lights at the touch of a match. Steady, comfortable warmth for many hours on one filling of Pearl Oil, the ever-obtainable fuel. Economical.

Pearl Oil is refined and re-refined by our special process which makes it clean burning. For sale in bulk by dealers everywhere—the same high-quality kerosene as the Pearl Oil sold in five-gallon cans. There is a saving by buying in bulk. Order by name—Pearl Oil.

We recommend Perfection Oil Heaters

STANDARD OIL COMPANY  
(California)

**PEARL OIL**  
(KEROSENE)  
HEAT AND LIGHT

